

March 1935

The American Magazine of

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The American Federation of Arts, Washington

CONVENTIONS IN THE ART FIELD

- American Association of Museums, Washington, D. C., May 23 to 25.
- American Ceramic Society, Buffalo, New York, February 17 to 22.
- American Federation of Arts, Washington, D. C., May 20 to 22 (*corrected from last issue*).
- American Institute of Architects, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May 28 to 31.
- Association of Art Museum Directors, New England, May 16 to 18.
- College Art Association, Washington, D. C., May 22 to 25.
- Eastern Arts Association, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 10 to 13.
- Southeastern Arts Association, Charleston, South Carolina, March 21 to 23.
- Southern States Art League, Nashville, Tennessee, April 4 and 5.
- Western Arts Association, Chicago, Illinois, April 3 to 6.

OPEN EXHIBITIONS

- Art Institute of Chicago* 14th Annual Exhibition of Water Colors, Drawings, and Pastels, the Art Institute, March 21 to June 2. Open to all.
- Art Institute of Chicago*, 2nd International Exhibition of Etching and Engraving, the Art Institute, March 21 to June 2. Open to all.
- Bookplate Association*, 11th Annual International Exhibition, the Los Angeles Museum, May 1 to June 1. Open to all. Entries close April 10, any media. For further information write: Mrs. Helen Wheeler Bassett, 739 North Alexandria Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
- Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts*, 25th Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings and Sculpture, Morgan Memorial Museum, Hartford, Connecticut, March 2 to April 1. Open to all. Cash prizes. For further details write: Carl Ringius, Treasurer, Box 204, Hartford, Connecticut.
- Corcoran Gallery of Art*, 14th Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings, the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., March 24 to May 5. Entries closed.
- National Academy of Design*, 110th Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, American Fine Arts Building, March and April. Open to all. Prizes and medals. For exact dates, etc., write: Charles C. Curran, Corresponding Secretary, 39 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
- New Haven Paint and Clay Club*, 34th Annual Exhibition, Free Public Library, February 16 to March 11.
- New York Water Color Club*, 46th Annual Exhibition of Water Colors, Pastels, and Graphic Arts, Fine Arts Building, April and May. Open to all. For exact dates, awards, etc., write: Frederick T. Weber, Secretary, 257 West 86th Street, New York, N. Y.
- Palm Beach Art Center*, 3rd Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Sculpture, and Etchings, the Art Center, until March 26.
- Print Club of Cleveland*, Second Competitive Print Exhibition, the Cleveland Museum, October, 1935. Open to all. Entry blanks due July 1; exhibits received until September 1. Winning print to be published by Print Club. For further details write: Nelle P. Adams, Assistant Secretary, Print Club of Cleveland, Box 2081, Station E, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Print Makers of California*, International Exhibition of Graphic Art, the Los Angeles Museum, March 1 to March 31. Entries closed.
- Rocky Mountain Print Makers*, National Exhibition, Denver Art Museum, March 1 to March 31. Open to all. Entries closed.
- Southern States Art League*, 15th Annual Exhibition, Oil Painting, Water Color, Pastel, Drawings, Prints, Sculpture; the Parthenon, Nashville, Tennessee, April 4 to 30. Entries close March 8. Annual membership fee, \$5. For information write: Ethel Hutson, Secretary, Southern States Art League, 7321 Panola Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

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AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

MARCHAL E. LANDGREN first became interested in the work of Newman when he saw the two paintings by him at the Metropolitan Museum two years ago. Since then he has made an exhaustive effort to locate other pictures and to piece together the few established facts about Newman's life. He now has listed in his catalogue over a hundred of his canvases. Mr. Landgren arranged the recent exhibition of Newman's work at the Whitney Museum of American Art. He is art editor of the quarterly, *Trend*, and has contributed to *Art in American and Elsewhere*.

WALTER CURT BEHRENDT's article on the Japanese House in the November 1934 issue of the Magazine was accompanied by a note on this page misinforming readers that Dr. Behrendt was Finance Minister in the former German Government. The fact is that he was Baurat or Architectural Advisor to the Finance Ministry and it was in that capacity that he influenced German public architecture so strongly. Dr. Behrendt was Editor of *Die Form*. The illustrations used with this article show only the striving for new forms. We refer the reader to almost any public building in America for examples of the architect's escape into the supposed stability of old forms.

DUNCAN PHILLIPS continues in this issue the series on Personality in Art begun last

month. As author of *The Artist Sees Differently* and *A Collection in the Making*, and as Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery Mr. Phillips needs no introduction to the American art public. He is an Associate Editor of the Magazine.

WILLIAM ZORACH brings the richness of his experience in direct carving to the aid of students in this month's Tools and Materials article. As well as being a prominent sculptor Mr. Zorach is also a water colorist of distinction. His sculpture and water colors may be seen in several public collections.

F. A. GUTHEIM has written on a variety of subjects for the Magazine. As an Advisory Editor he takes frequent opportunities to report on art as he finds it in the course of his travels. His present sojourn in Chicago results in his review of the Art Institute's local exhibition.

As Editor of *The Arts*, FORBES WATSON came deservedly to the forefront of American art criticism, having a larger conception of the art activities in this country than many other critics on New York dailies have achieved. The breadth of his knowledge led to his being appointed, last year, Technical Director of the Public Works of Art Project.

PHILIPPA WHITING is an Associate Editor.



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GIULIO CAMPAGNOLA: ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
Engraving recently purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art

March 1935

ORGAN-GRINDERS

LONG reflection is not needed to convince one that the visual arts are a field in which the English-speaking peoples cannot claim preëminence. This is still true though America is on the crest of a Hail-Columbia art wave; and though, for more substantial evidence, we have a larger number of art museums, art associations, and art schools than ever before. We point proudly to all these things; perhaps it is because we are blinded by this pride that while pointing out achievements we also unwittingly indicate a defect.

Quantity after all is not the answer. Of all the people who pass through our art schools how many can we sanguinely call good artists? Happily (or unhappily) the problem is not an exclusively American one. Julie Helen Heyneman's article describing London's art schools in the February number of the *Landmark* contains this thoughtful passage: "It makes one dizzy to calculate the number [of art schools] all over the world, which are training would-be artists, though, alas, only one (or none) among a thousand may really deserve the appellation. If instruction in drawing and painting could be included in every child's normal education (as it should be to inculcate the fine art of 'seeing') standards of accomplishment would be so high that only the inextinguishable genius would survive the inevitable comparisons. . . . Musicians have so developed technical efficiency, that only the most supreme among them reach the stage of public performance. Even some of the best among them lose their identity in orchestras; but, in every public exhibition of pictures, we see the feeble productions shown of those who may be called the organ-grinders among artists, with only one compensation—that, unlike these unfortunates, their works are inaudible."

Both England and America have plenty of art schools. We could probably hobble along with half the number. But we still have our needs—one of them is for a *few* small art schools with requirements so exacting, standards so seemingly merciless, that the would-be artists, the undecided camp-followers, would not even attempt to enter them. Schools of this kind would attract the fit, and give them the opportunity for exhaustive work that they know they need. The curricula would not be sloppily broad, but wide and deep and thorough. No one would be the loser: the misfit would not be fooled: the genius would get the training he needs and the earnest man of talent would be able to develop that talent to the utmost. In every way such schools would create a healthier attitude toward the artist's profession.

A year or two ago such a school was possible in this country. The building, the money, and the man to run it were almost brought together. But the people who had legal control of the money and the building either did not see their chance or did not dare take it. It may be that America is not ready to be as rigorous in the art field as it has proved itself in medicine, music, and engineering. If that's the case we must certainly have the honesty to see, and the stamina to admit it.

F. A. WHITING, JR.

ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN

By MARCHAL E. LANDGREN

THE European revolution in the art of painting during this century undoubtedly turned American critical attention away from native work, and temporarily created false standards by which American painting was judged. Most of the work of the artists of the first decade of the century has been forgotten because of these new criteria, while, on the other hand, much of lesser value has been accepted for the same reason. The result has been critical confusion; despite this, there has been a constructive change in critical reasoning. The sentimental viewpoint of the critic of the late nineteenth century has been slowly supplanted by a more thorough, a more objective approach. This has brought attention to certain phases and personalities in American painting. It is responsible for the interest in native folk-art, and for the acknowledgment of the work of Albert P. Ryder and Thomas Eakins. The importance of both Ryder and Eakins to the history of art is now recognized and, although there are many conflicting opinions as to the places of these men in a great tradition, there is a definite feeling that their appeal is universal.

The recognition of these two men, however, seems to have become the accepted saturation point of genius to native critics. But American painting neither begins nor ends with these two personalities. Robert Loftin Newman, most neglected of American painters, born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1827, is one of the greatest.

Newman was born twenty years before Albert Ryder. He was a contemporary of Dauterive and of Courbet, of Hunt and of Inness; and a pupil of Couture and a friend of Millet. That he is overlooked today may be due to the facts that he lived as a recluse—there is little recorded of his life or work—and that he was a painter of small canvases. For many years two of his most distinguished works have been hanging in the Metropolitan Museum; the larger of these measures only ten by fourteen inches. His paintings, too,

have all of the simplicity becoming to a great man, and this, combined with their size, makes them particularly inconspicuous during a time when most artists paint for exhibition purposes.

During his lifetime, Newman was as little known as he is today. He had the patronage of a few prominent collectors and the friendship of many literary men and painters. Sir William Van Horne, John Gellatly, and Thomas B. Clarke numbered among his purchasers, as did Robert Underwood Johnson, Clarence C. Buel, Alexander W. Drake, Richard Watson Gilder, Daniel Chester French, William Merritt Chase, and many other men of artistic or literary note. Wyatt Eaton and Andrew O'Connor offered him brotherly interest and support. He had but two public exhibitions during his life: the first of these at Knoedler's in 1894; the second at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the same year. These, so far as any records reveal, cover the full span of his public life. They resulted in an acknowledgment of his ability with color; in fact, whatever reputation he gained was as a colorist.

The advances of this century in critical reasoning offer a more constructive estimate of his work. His color remains important, but secondary in value to his other qualities. Newman was a romantic in the fine sense of the word where romanticism is dissociated from its sentimental implications. Romanticism is a matter of temperament rather than of sentiment; it is the state of consciousness that regards *man*—his association with nature, his responses, disposition, and intelligence—as greater than *art*. It is the antithesis of classicism, for the classic believes that *man* must approach *art* through intellectual resources. Newman was filled with this romantic passion; and it was his fortune, when in 1850 he sailed to Europe to study painting at Düsseldorf, that he stopped in Paris and entered the studio of Thomas Couture. The freedom and understanding of paint found in Couture's work was naturally more sympathetic to



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Collection Frank K. M. Rehn



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

Collection Metropolitan Museum of Art

his nature than the cold, analytic, and classic methods of the School of Dusseldorf. It was his good fortune again that during his second stay in Paris, 1854, he met Jean François Millet. Newman greatly admired Millet; and he is believed to have brought the first Millet canvas, "Le Vanneur," to America. Newman, however, had none of the sentimentality of Millet; though these two artists shared a common love of people, Newman's work reveals the richer disposition.

So profound was his love and so well guided by a rare intelligence that it expressed itself in the simplest of emotions. "The Good Samaritan" is portrayed bending over the body of the man fallen among thieves, bathing his wounds with oil; "St. John the Baptist" offers the Christ child an apple; an elderly woman stops to rest by the roadside. Only in a few canvases does Newman show

any of the emotional conflict usually associated with the romantic temperament. In the "Wandering Mind" and "The Attack," where this conflict appears to be the strongest, his intelligence paralleled his emotion, and he painted these subjects with reserve and little drama. Nor did he ever turn to the opposite extreme and paint idealistic allegory. His figures are all firmly rooted to the earth, as if they had grown from the soil on which they stand. The mystery he expressed is built on this very thing. In the "Christ and His Disciples," one of Newman's few large canvases, and a fine example of his mystic quality, the figures are so close to the earth and so composed of earthly material that their whole endowment with life belongs to another plane; they lose all worldly significance. Here the sensuous response to nature is so strong that its expression becomes spiritual.



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: FORTUNE TELLER

Collection the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Newman found his subjects in the stories of the Bible, in other literature, and in life. The majority of his themes are drawn from literary sources, and because of this they have been called imaginative. Newman was not, however, an imaginative painter. His honest love of people prevented any extravagant expression of his fancy. He found his relationship to life and his own identity in these simple tales. Such expression is poetic, but, in spite of the poetry it contains, it is realism. It is realism that is stronger than any true delineation of the material, for it is built on the quality and content of the material. Because of this Newman's work belongs to no particular age; it reveals no documentary evidence of the age. There are, however, certain technical values and certain conditions surrounding the life of his time expressed in his work that make it possible to relate him to the age in which he lived. Newman painted before the intellect became a dominating factor in life, before scientific achievement affected

the daily lives of people, and before the spiritual unrest of the world reached revolutionary expression. He knew Millet and the Barbizon School, and he had undoubtedly seen Corot and Daumier. In short, he belongs to the nineteenth century. But both the spirit and the technic of his work have outlived his time.

Newman had many of the qualities that have become nothing less than fetishes to the modern school. Noteworthy among his accomplishments is his drawing. He understood distortion and employed it in many of his canvases. To him the device was neither a means of strengthening dramatic activity or of evoking a mood as it is to the majority of moderns. It was used, perhaps unconsciously, for its higher purpose of expressing the qualities of his figures, and of emphasizing the different characters of the male and female. It is the result of his intense response to nature, and it developed from the same feeling that endowed his figures with both

worldly and spiritual qualities. "The Fortune Teller," in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum, well illustrates his use of distortion; in this canvas the mother and child belong to one form that is completely feminine in nature. In the "Christ and His Disciples" he clearly shows the contrasting forms he employed for the male.

The honesty and beauty of his distortion is not the only quality of his draughtsmanship. His canvases are marked by a distinct calligraphy most evident in his handling of the figure. His brush accented the separation of forms, and with the greatest delicacy and feeling welded them into their proper relationships. Very often it is his drawing that finishes his canvas by clarifying his subject and relating his forms one to another. Most of his work appears to have been completed with great spontaneity; a few brush marks, and the canvas was completed. His drawing of feet is representative of his ability. With a scarcity of line, he emphasizes the weight and form that hold his figures to the earth.

Considering the time during which he lived, Newman's plastic sense is remarkable. His

contemporaries had little concern for plastic ability which now seems the prime consideration in estimating a work of art. They were more occupied with composition in a rigid sense. Newman's forms are personal, balanced, and an integral part of himself. They developed directly from his response to his subject. As abstract shapes, their relationship can be admired; but, without his subject, they are meaningless. They carry out the mood of his theme, reflect the circumstances of the scene he was painting, and emphasize the character of his figures. In Newman's canvases there are no passages employed merely for the sake of filling space; thus, there is no attempt at pattern for pattern's sake. His paintings are small but complete; each form relates to the next, and all build to form the single unit that is his subject.

The color in Newman's work is a vital part of this plastic sense. He used color with remarkable facility. Colors appear next to one another with no sacrifice of tone or form. It appears that he could do anything with color, and his canvases are rich in reds, yellows, greens, blues, and the deeper greys and browns. One form painted in a single tone will often be furnished with many colors, and again a group of figures fitting into one large shape is painted with many colors to separate one figure from the next. No loss of drawing, no loss of form, and no loss of tonality is suffered at the expense of color, for color was a definite part of his plastic sense.

To say that Newman's work finds the happy relationship between form and content is perhaps tautological, but it is well to summarize the above paragraphs. Newman found his entire pleasure in the subjects he painted. Combined with his technical ability and plastic sense, this formed a complete painting. In his work there is no disregard of form for subject, or of subject for form. The two are inseparable. His responses to the content of his work were too honest to allow him any sentimental interest, and his technic was simply a means towards accomplishment.

The revolution in the art of painting has taught both the critic and the painter—if they have viewed its various manifestations objectively—the meaning of the language of paint.



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: THE LETTER
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: MOTHER AND CHILD

Collection Frederic Fairchild Sherman

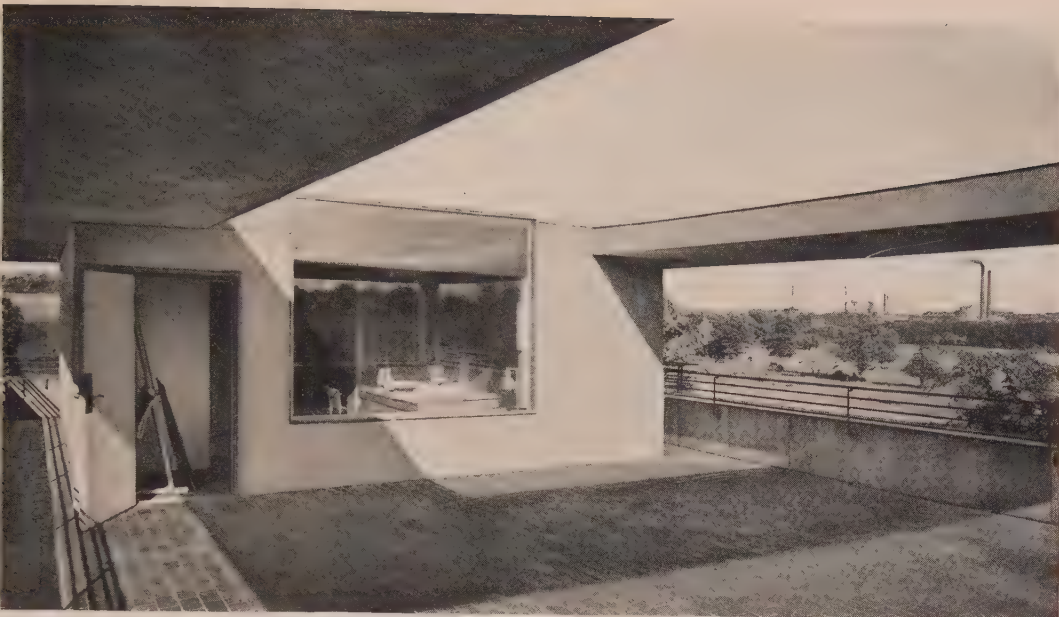
Because of this stimulus, there should be a fresh acknowledgment of Newman's work. Newman could turn the most prosaic of themes into a painting of great force. A peacock, in a canvas by that name, becomes a symbol of worldly vanity. It is an earthy creature whose staunch legs, well cemented in the earth, support a head that is small, eager, and vicious; it stands defiant before a landscape that is barren of any fecund part of nature, and it casts a shadow in its own path. It is not the peacock of sentimental beauty, yet it is painted in all of the beauty of its natural coloring against a background of even greater brilliance. It is the peacock that has become a synonym for pride. And as "The Peacock" becomes a part of a universal language, so do all of Newman's canvases. It is this subjective quality in painting that the revolution has accented. In fact, it has carried it beyond its logical bounds, for subjectivism when reduced to abstract symbols loses its healthy relationship to nature and becomes decadent. The subjective implications in Newman's work are found in his relating the meaning of his subject to his canvas; and, because of the nature of his subject matter,

his expression is perhaps a little too simple, a little too humble for general appreciation. To the connoisseur who understands the completeness of expression where subjectivism, plastic ability, technical achievement, form and content unite in one theme, Newman will be welcomed as one of the vital personalities in American painting.

Robert L. Newman died in New York City in 1912, in his eighty-fifth year. He painted during the greater part of his life, living in solitude and largely dependent on his friends for support. Despite his life as a recluse, he won the admiration and support of some of the foremost artists and collectors of his day. This must have offered a sincere stimulus for his work, and was undoubtedly valued in a way that public recognition could not give. Since his death, only a few of his works have been seen. The Brooklyn Museum showed a small selected group of his canvases in 1921, and Mr. Frank K. M. Rehn held a one-man exhibition at his galleries in 1924. The Whitney Museum in honoring him with a memorial exhibition again brought his work to mind and established him as an outstanding nineteenth-century American painter.



ROBERT LOFTIN NEWMAN: THE GOOD SAMARITAN
Collection the Author



SCHNEIDER HOUSE, ALTONA, BARONFELD, 1928

Terrace with Studio, Karl Schneider, Architect

THE ARCHITECT IN THESE TIMES

By WALTER CURT BEHRENDT

Translated from the German by M. C. Cowden

THE task of the architect is not easy in these times. He is the child, as well as the father of order; and just as every one of his creations, before it develops into precise form under his artist hands, is a child of the order which nourishes it, so his generative forces can become fertile only in connection with the constant order of organic growth. In times in which a secure social order prevails, in which life runs its course in fixed paths, the architect finds a fruitful field for his creative work. His task is clearly outlined, his way is mapped out before him, and the guiding star of living tradition directs his work. The constancy of the times, the uniformity of its demands, give a certain, clearly defined life-substance which he finds before him ready-made in traditional structural types of universal validity.

These types are not the personal work of a single architect; they have proceeded gradually from a common creative process, shared in by current custom and habits of life, by the economic forces of the age and its tech-

nical potentialities as well as by the formative skill of generations of architects. The permanence of the social order and the persistence of these traditional types form the primary prerequisites for the architect, if he is to devote all his strength to the development of his inborn gifts and of his artistic personality. The highest measure of his freedom as an artist grows out of his being bound to this order. His freedom he now utilizes in extending, refining, and modifying the structural types he finds before him. Many sorts of modifications are conceivable, made obligatory by various climatic and geographic conditions, by the characteristics of local building habits, and by the demands of particular requirements. Further modifications can also be traced to the progressive changes in the feelings and ideas of the times, finding their expression in progressive stylistic changes. To these manifold variations in traditional types we owe the inexhaustible wealth of artistic forms in the German homes of every province and the protean character



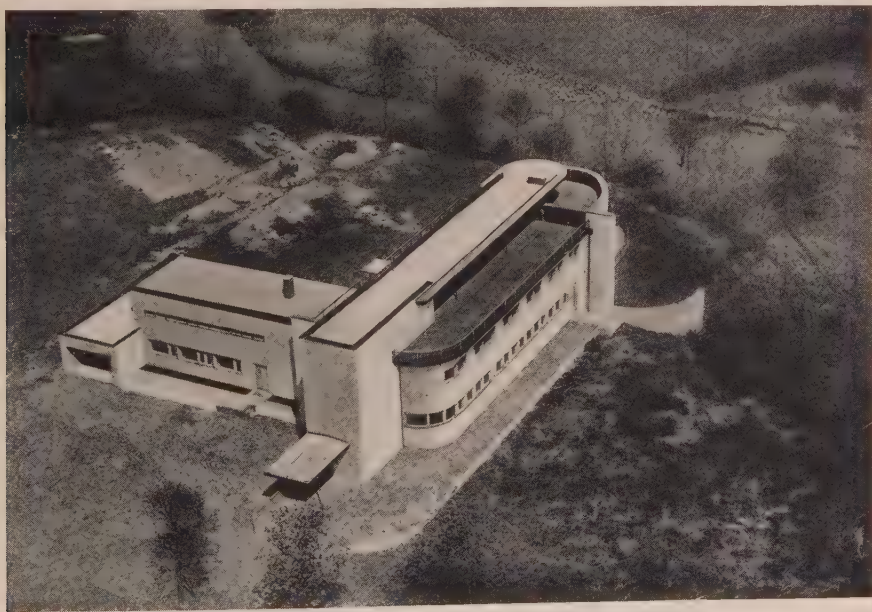
MICHAELSEN HOUSE, BLANKENESE-FALKENSTEIN, 1922 (AIR VIEW)

Karl Schneider, Architect

of the architectural physiognomy peculiar to the mediaeval cities.

The opportunity is denied to the modern architect of working under the fostering favor of an authoritarian and firmly established order. It is his fate to live at a turning point between eras. The world is in flux, the old concepts of order begin to waver, the traditional forms have become questionable, and the new forms now in the making have not as yet found definite shape, let alone general acceptance. This problematic character of the times, the inconstancy of social conditions, not only makes his task difficult for the architect; it makes the final solution in many cases practically impossible. In every region in the broad field of his labors, he feels the hindering effect of an incomplete age; in every task set for him by state and society, by church, school, and family, he runs up against a confusing array of social problems, oppressing him and taking up his time, but beyond his power to solve. These must previously have been solved and settled before his real work can begin and be carried out with good success. If, for example, it is a question of the building of a new school, he is faced

immediately with the unsolved problems of the education and training of youth; and so long as the new forms we seek are not found, how is he to arrive at a solution that will stand the test? And how can we speak today of a new type of dwelling, when the foundations of social life are unstable and no conclusive agreement has been reached on the basic questions of living habits and housing needs? This situation was well characterized in a recent work on Protestant church construction in which reference was made to the conflicting demands arising from the lack of liturgical unity, and it was counted as one of the responsibilities of the architect himself to become a builder of the cult by his decisions on details of construction! So complete is the lack of valid types in which precise and commonly recognized needs find their expression! The whole substance, content, and basis of the architect's life is in a state of ferment. He can begin to work only by making himself "the point of intersection of the various social forces" the new needs of which define his task. In the analysis of these forces and in the investigating of their often vaguely realized needs, he dissipates his own strength.



L. HOUSE IN WOHLDORF, 1929 (AIR VIEW)

Karl Schneider, Architect



BUCHROITHNER HOUSE, ZELL AM SEE, AUSTRIA, 1928

Louis Welzenbacher, Architect

He is economist and sociologist, artist and organizer in one person, and yet succeeds only in getting stuck at the experimental stage and in reaching scarcely more than temporary solutions.

It is entirely comprehensible that many architects, in order to escape this problematical condition, ever and again take refuge in the historical tradition. From the rushing current of the times, they find rescue on a remote isle, where they can live under the law of authoritative forms and under the protection of an order no longer to be found elsewhere. The motives behind this attitude are revealed with ruthless frankness in the statements of that letter-writer in the concluding chapter of Dostoevsky's novel *Raw Youth*. In view of the lack in his day of settled types, he declared that, were he a writer of romances, he should certainly choose his heroes from the tradition of the old nobility. For only in the culture of this social rank would it still be possible "to find at least that outward semblance of fine order and aesthetic beauty so necessary in a novel to produce an artistic effect on the reader." In these types, he continues, there would actually be found everything that has been brought to some sort of perfection, anyway. He expressly adds that he does not say this because he is accepting unconditionally the truth and justness of that beauty. That is a secondary question. What to his mind seems of most consequence is the finality of the forms and the existence of some sort of order. And what matters most of all for us, he says, is to have any sort of order of our own!

For many men of talent, it is an act of self-protection to seek support in tradition in the disordered time in which they find themselves. In order to escape experiment, which is not for everyone, and the outcome of which remains uncertain in any case, they reach back to the historical form. It offers itself as a finished shape in an unfinished and shapeless present; it opens up in such practical ways the prospect of getting past the crisis everywhere existing in the realm of form. Taken out of its past and out of the circumstances which conditioned its origin and content, it still offers the architect a useful plastic medium, a



TUGENDHAT HOUSE, BRUENN
Mies van der Rohe, Architect

medium, moreover, of tested effectiveness and of almost universal applicability. Besides, the application is carried out according to the academic rules of composition, whose systematic character strengthens the desired impression of conformity to law. Furthermore, there clings to the historic form, by reason of the atmosphere peculiar to it, an intangible element giving access to "those higher influences of historic, artistic, and poetic purposes," which Karl Friedrich Schinkel is convinced must not be lacking, in order to elevate the work to the level of art. By cautious freshening and skillful mingling of these varied effective factors, it is often possible to conceal the reality and, by aid of tradition, to erect a sort of apparent culture to cover the nakedness of an inartistic age. In the historical form, too, says Dostoevsky's letter-writer, it is possible to depict a multitude of extremely attractive and consolatory details. And just as the reader of a novel is swept along, so also the one who looks at such structures may be brought to consider the historical image still possible in the present. Especially when the historical form is utilized

with so much selective sensitivity, with so much active intelligence and critical judgment, as is true in the masterpieces of modern eclecticism.

The standpoint of the historical school is a purely aesthetic one. It is admitted that this stand alone makes possible the development of certain talents and hence gives full satisfaction to certain ambitions. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that it falls decidedly short of meeting the higher requirements of a changing age. Reality is consciously avoided in this escape to an artistic order gained by accepting tradition. In view of the problems pressing in from all sides, a different conception of the task of the profession is imaginable. A conception that casts aside the aesthetic standpoint on account of its one-sidedness, even declaring it unmoral, also rejects the intellectual attitude which admits a scarcely justifiable degree of remoteness from life and reality, and which pursues art as an end in itself. To those who adopt this conception, art is the bearer of an orderly cultural will, and they therefore demand of it

that it take its place as a servant in the world's work. The consequence of this conception is, for them, that they take a practical part in the necessary re-shaping of life, willingly attacking its manifold problems wherever they meet them in their own field. The aim of their thought and work is to bring their own world into a reasonable organic relation to the actual world, thereby re-establishing that indispensable identity between the content and form of life, which they justifiably miss in the work of those who have turned their backs on the present.

This attitude, too, is determined by an urgent desire for order. The goal, however, is not random order, but the one now coming into being, which will make free the way to a new form to express at the same time the new content of life. For comprehending reality means for the architect no less than the recognition of the new ideas of order rising up out of the creative and formative forces of the times and integrating his own work with these ideas. That means regarding each task of construction as a new one with respect to content as well as structural technique and so treating it as though it were being set for the first time. For the new value-concepts contained in these ideas of order are laying foundation for an entirely new conception of structure. A whole new plastic raw material must be prepared in order to provide the mere elements governing the formation of new types. Yet, the more progress in the direction of the typical, the more the individual element must disappear. Without the possibility of giving one's work a beautiful form, thinks Dostoevsky's letter-writer, the task is an ungrateful one. "Moreover, these types are in any case transitory, and so cannot have artistic finish. One may make serious mistakes, exaggerations, misjudgments. In any case, one would have to guess too much. But what is the writer to do who doesn't want to confine himself to the historical form, and is possessed by a longing for the present? To guess . . . and make mistakes."

That applies also to the courageous pioneering of the architects who face the urgent problems of reality, and at the same time it gives a standard for the appraising of their

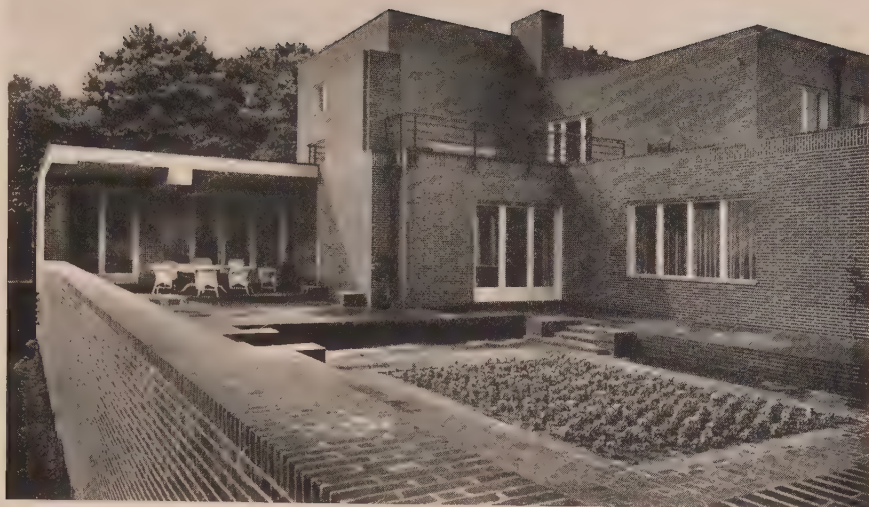


RÖMER HAUS, OTHMARSCHEN, 1927-28

Karl Schneider, Architect

HOUSE AT
GUBEN,
PRUSSIA

MIES VAN
DER ROHE,
ARCHI-
TECT



works. They are experiments, often still very crude and uninspired experiments, looking toward the solution of these problems, stages on the way toward the finding of the new form; but important precisely for the manner in which the problems are stated, and valuable rather for their documentary character than for the aesthetic nature of their temporary solutions.

We see that, however the architect decides his attitude toward reality, dangers lurk today on every side of his road to fame. If he avoids this ungracious reality, if he holds off its burning but uncomfortable and oppressive problems, in order to find his satisfaction in the rounded beauty of an art which is art, he runs the risk of having his works posthumously held to be empty of genuine living content or, indeed, untruthful. If, however, he decides for reality and the substance of its new life, attacking the problems growing out of it, he then runs the risk of having his forward-striving works, obedient to the commands of life, lack artistic form and resemble in their unavoidably problematic nature the unfinished age from which they come. It is the tragedy of many of the talented architects of today, and especially of the strong and imaginative ones, that, in the sovereign consciousness of their own artistic personalities, they believe they can rise above the conditions

of their epoch and so exhaust their strength on ideas in which the age no longer believes and which they, with their abilities, cannot actualize. It is the no less hard lot of those who regard themselves as the advance guard that, in the service of a super-personal necessity, they sacrifice the freedom of the artistic personality and must content themselves with temporary experiments. For the new tasks can be fully solved only in the future by a new social order.

The architect, too, must learn by his own experience that in times of revaluation everything is dangerous. Reality cannot be skipped over nor can the future be anticipated. Let him, then, follow the advice of Hegel, who says: "Desire nothing better than the present age, but it at its best." For, finally, the significance of any man of talent in his own times is decided as he decides for himself, according to his choice of his task and his attitude toward it; and if he acts in accordance with this advice and at the end must recognize that his works, bound and conditioned by his era, lack the grace of full maturity, then may the glad consciousness console him that only those works which have their roots in the upward-striving ideas of the present can also bear within them the seed of the future.



EL GRECO: CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

El Greco's mystical conception of the human spirit as a great consuming fire soars to its own aesthetic apotheosis in this version of the Holy Trinity crowning the Virgin in a blaze of glory.

(Epstein Collection, Chicago)

PERSONALITY IN ART: II

Reflections on Its Suppression and the Present Need for Its Fulfillment

By DUNCAN PHILLIPS

"WHEN in life we have an experience," writes John Dewey, "everything seems to run a course to fulfillment. A piece of work is finished in a way that satisfies. A problem is solved. A game is played through. A situation is rounded out so that its close is a consummation." It moves to completion in such a seemingly inevitable way that we can say "it is like a work of art."

In the course of living in the outer world, who has not come upon Dr. Dewey's isolated experiences which were like works of art in their unity, their relevant sequences, and their contributory relations? Such experiences are evidence enough for Dewey that the aesthetic is not self-sufficient and extraordinary after all. And yet it is unusual—so unusual in fact that art has become compartmentalized, not only in the writings of such critics as Roger Fry and Clive Bell but in the popular estimation as well, precisely because the confusion

and chaos—or else the mechanism and routine—of what happens ordinarily in street and home and office is so different from the unique revelation of what is genuine in art that the notion spreads that art must be a mental concept superimposed on life from the outside by a special kind of *different* human being.

Psychiatrists are attempting every day the resolution of inner conflicts in their patients by adjusting the individual to environment. The need for integration, for the order and ease of a single mind instead of the disorder and disease of a divided personality, can be fulfilled in many ways. Art is one of them. Savages who lived in tooth-chattering terror of nature and of men, could unburden their hearts in carved images and that is just what they were doing in the African masks and fetishes. Representing early stages of the mind of man, these outlets for self- and group-expression have a plastic unity and a success-



BRAQUE: ROUND TABLE

In this large decoration by Braque, which all but justifies the fanatical faith of Cubism and amounts to a culmination for all its experiments, the pattern of contrasted lines, colors and planes, absorbs light over its rough texture with an ecstatic life of its own.

ful carrying-out of their purpose of exorcising evils by depicting them which Roger Fry, who wrongly associated artistic wish-fulfillment with the phantasy and escape of day dreams, was among the first to admire and to interpret. Incidentally, those negro sculptures are the most human of all abstractions, and they reveal the elementary and emotional origins of the art which uses formal pattern and deliberate distortion. It is wish-fulfillment which explains the unified intensity of these plastic symbols for superstitions, panic,

sex, tribal hysteria and hate, and for many other individualized references to collective experiences of the jungle. Our psychologists today have encouraged art to follow its own path back to its elemental beginnings, and, in knowing its source, to grow in tolerance and understanding. Art that is characteristic of a civilization (I condense from John Dewey*) "is a means of entering sympathetically into the experiences of aliens—coming to under-

* John Dewey, *Art as Experience*, p. 332.

stand attitudes basic to forms of experience other than our own." What moves us so much in El Greco is a complex and yet completely clear and unified self-expression, a perfect inter-action of the artist with his past and with his overpowering environment. The passion of the man for creating a plastic correspondence of highly emotional design to his apprehension of the human spirit as a flame and of the human body as a leaf curling and about to be consumed in the blaze, was adapted to and permeated with the passion inherent in the super-imposed theological subject matter of Spanish Catholicism in the cruel days of the Inquisition. The Inquisitors no less than their victims were burning, according to the artist, in a general conflagration. Whether his own passion was one of protest or of participation matters less than the fact that with a fusion of substance and form he solved the artist's problem of finding the means to unite the inner necessity of his unique individual expression with the outer necessity of making his art interact with his environment.

In the summer of 1933 at the Century of Progress Exhibition in the Art Institute of Chicago, I rejoiced in a small Greco, a "Coronation of the Virgin." The Baroque bad taste of the picture and its theological "properties" did not repel me any more than I am repelled by details I do not understand in any other exotic religious art. There were areas of that small, oval "Coronation of the Virgin" which seemed to burn to a crisp from inner fires, areas of consummate intensity which spread and permeated every part until the adoration and excitement of color, line, and light were almost more than one could bear. In the corners there were clusters of cherubs' heads. From a distance they counted only as light enchanted bunches of stylized purple grapes. Had the concentric composition in planes lighted from above been stripped of its theology so that it stood clear of subject interest like a twentieth century abstraction, with those cherubs' heads really "School of Paris" grapes and with the forms taken from studio properties instead of from the communal stock of holy images, would the aesthetic ecstasy have been the same? Emphati-

cally no! The theme was the raw material of the artist's passionate experience of past and present. It was the medium through which El Greco saw possibilities for a unified and dynamic utterance of something ecstatic in his soul. His art, wrought of his own intimate battle of self-centered aesthete and self-effacing mystic, resulted in a wish-fulfillment of expressionistic splendour which has never been equalled except perhaps by Vincent Van Gogh when in 1888 he found, as he toiled, the technical means to identify himself with the sun and with the soil and with all humanity which is earthbound and despised; and thus to unburden his heart.

Cézanne attained to greatness through identifying himself with a grandiose synthesis of form and color. This fusion gained in significance as it simplified his subjects, reducing objects to their plastic essences and divesting them of all literary meaning. And yet I think that there was a turning point in his career more thrilling than the end of it as he approached his goal. Even after he had consecrated himself to research and an impersonal study of nature and the structure of the Old Masters he retained a passionate sensibility which, in his youth, had made him an incoherent romanticist. Without much reason he had wanted to heave heavy missiles of paint, careless of where they fell. He had blocked out a lot of Baroque black fantasies with grotesque and shapeless figures which self-consciously represented his repressed sensuality and vague longings for plastic power. With their futile overemphasis those early figure paintings were pretentious failures; wish-fulfillments but only in the limited sense with which Roger Fry had used the term to put undisciplined and insincere creative outbursts in their unimportant place. Cézanne's first period represents a belated adolescence. Memories of the museums clashed with yearnings to be different and defiant of traditions. All the while he was covering up a longing to seek a shelter in art similar to the shelter of the Church of Rome. Groping his way out of the fog into which he had strayed, he found in himself a great need for such clarity, such serenity, such sanity, such strength, such structure in space, such unity of purpose as



MICHELANGELO: JEREMIAH

The monumental grandeur of Michelangelo's noble and universal symbol for the brooding mind of the prophet is not the result of the subject but of the style as an inevitable expression of the artist's inspired personality. The greatest humanitarians of painting were great not because of their subjects but because of themselves.

the good Chardin showed him in his simplest still life. But Cézanne was still a passionate pilgrim, and the duality of his nature required identification with a symbol combining architecture with drama. One day he found it. One day he was inspired to look at the objects around him, even as Chardin had looked with his unerring sense of style and scale. But as he started to arrange his objects a profound intention came to him. He would be a master

builder. Sonorous contrasts of luminous darks and gleaming lights applied to well built forms might make even a still life into a dramatic utterance. He would construct a composition of verticals, horizontals, circles, and spirals. The round-faced black clock was a symbol of time. Behind it a deep mysterious space of blue would be a symbol of eternity. The pink sea-shell, delicate in its convolutions, what better symbol for the



CÉZANNE: STILL LIFE WITH CLOCK

With contrasts of symbolical darks and lights applied to well built forms Cézanne combined in this early Still Life the drama which he sought for in his youth with the architectonic order which was to chart his course to his destined goal.

senses? A dazzling white table cover hanging in rigid folds—their dark recesses were remindful of the tomb. His quest had found order and balance for his need in the structure of the simplest objects of his house. What was nostalgic in his youth attained consummation in symbolical contrasting tones. It was like a good ship righting itself in a storm.

Since the aesthetic experience is a consummated adjustment of the self to its surroundings, a fulfillment of the wish to interact with environment as a force, then the substance of an individual's art is bound to depend both upon his own character and the character of his period; upon his past and his present and upon what kind of experiences have most insistently stirred and moulded him. Just as Renoir never ceased to show the influence of his early porcelain painting at Sèvres, so Braque has been partly formed in his technical ideas through a task of his early years when, as an apprentice in a commercial decorators firm, he assisted in the making of painted imitations of veined marble and grained wood. The youthful craftsman saw in this trick of the trade aesthetic possibilities for stir-

ring our tactile memories. He found a peculiar personal satisfaction in this instrumental play of texture even if it were only an illusion. Out of a practice which was in itself of dubious taste there emerged an artist who exemplifies the best taste of his period even in the opinion of those enemies of the aesthetic who would grant him little else.

The critics who see in Cubism a fanatical theory make no distinction between collective group-dogma and individualized achievements within the group. Personality will play strange tricks with any process, theory, or system. Cubism made a mechanic out of one of its best-known devotees. Out of another there emerged the most agile, famous, and fascinating acrobat on the flying trapeze of twentieth century arabesque and calligraphy. In yet another, even cubism was unable to conceal the poet. I am thinking of the handsome but mechanical products of Léger, the daring, dazzling feats of dynamic drawing in Picasso, and the subtle evocations of French style in the best sense of the word which we owe to Braque. System is the servant of Braque—not his master. Cubism may very well have

served its experimental purpose and run its course. It may soon become a chapter of curious content for the historians of our period, although I feel sure that it will continue to generate new possibilities for applied design in the domestic interior, the theatre, and the crafts. But even if painting is mobilized by the State for pictorial entertainment, and propaganda, yet I anticipate a final and general conclusion that, however futile as a system, this excessive emphasis on form has been more than justified in one result. Out of it came one artist who used it to create for himself a personal and a racial style which was a fine product of his period and a kind of quintessence of its functionalism. Abstraction was not for Braque an escape from life but a poem in praise of its interesting and often exquisite relations even in an age of impersonal formula and organization. He wanted to be of his own age and he had to find his own unique place in it. Although he belonged to a group and shared his ideas and materials with many other men, still his personality was unique.

As El Greco fulfilled himself in his "Coronation of the Virgin" and Cézanne in his "Still Life with Clock," and as both artists used their special interest in boldly affirmative brush-work and in their personal experiences of past and present to unite self and environment, so Braque has accomplished his mission in such a consummation of his best powers as "The Round Table." It sums up all that was hoped for in founding a school on Cézanne's cubes and cones. In this large decoration the familiar and intimately characterized objects such as the red apple, the clay pipe, and the short thick kitchen knife are "the visible medium of exchange" between Braque and his public.* The rest is architecture—and music. It is functional and majestic in its forms, and in its chromatic range it is exultant. It seems to open like a huge, strange flower and to absorb the light over its rough surfaces with an ecstatic life of its own. The contrasted color, planes, and lines are arranged so that they will serve as the instruments for an orchestral symphony. I am told that in his life

Braque is a simple craftsman and a robust man of his hands. A virility emanates from this supposed aesthete and intellectual in such a picture as "The Round Table." For those who have not imprisoned their minds within prejudice and preconceptions, such an abstract creation can enrich experience. Nor is it esoteric enjoyment which art thus provides, but pleasure in the daily exercise of our human sensibilities and perceptions.

The favorite charge against the "geometric poster"—to borrow again Craven's belittling description—is that it represents an escape from reality. Now a mental escape means a day dream. Abstraction of the formal architectonic type achieves release from the specific, but only by a formative act which employs objective material. The world is used—not evaded. New experience is made out of some by-product of old experience. We have seen that in the case of Braque he used the early experience of his apprentice days. It has been suggested that Matisse may have had a weakness in his most impressionable early years for large and bright patterned wall papers which his mature mind seized upon as a rather primitive emotional basis for a sophisticated art of arabesque. Who shall say that it was not a resourceful and practical utilization of past experience? Architectonic abstraction—not in its whimsical feats of necromancy as in Picasso, but in its more logical consummation as in Braque—is based on plan and purpose put into effect through objective means. In the words of John Dewey: "Ideas cease to flow and are not merely occasioned by but embodied in an object and—saturated with its qualities."

A more really serious accusation than the charge of escape from life can be made against cubism and also against the synthetic designs of Matisse. Curiously enough, regional genre is exposed to the same condemnation. In all these dissimilar modes there is a weakness. The material can be expressive but only in the hands of the most exceptional individuals. In the exercises of his imitators, what Braque has done amounts to little more than sophisticated space-filling in a decorative convention dated "post-war" and labelled "School of Paris." Our recent American references in

* *On Abstract Painting*, by William Schack, *American Magazine of Art*; September, 1934: p. 470.

pictures to timely topics are almost more of a barrier than personal expression can surmount. In cubism, in Matisse, and in all the more pleasing derivations from these sources, form is offered as a substitute for substance, while in the new story-telling pictures subject matter is said to be "just as good" for the painter's purpose as having something to say. But nothing has ever taken the place of expressive personality in art. The greatest humanitarians of painting, Giotto, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Daumier, to name but a few, were great not because of their subjects but because of themselves. Only a personality of exceptional distinction and a sensibility of persuasive charm rescue Braque from preciosity. If he is a great painter, it is not because of but in spite of the raw materials of form which he found lying around in the factory of his technological age. What he has taken from his period and his circle of associates in abstraction has been made to serve his own purpose and to fulfill his own wish for interaction of himself and his world. This is what always occurs when an artist is no hermit but an active participant in the movement either of a group or of a crowd. In every age, even the greatest artists, Shakespeare for example, have taken contemporaneous raw materials not only from the life about them and not merely to serve their patrons but to help themselves from the available stock of plots, properties, and tools. Braque is, in my opinion, the best of his kind. The worst of his kind are no better than the worst painters of regional genre.

We have learned from Dewey that in the ordinary experiences of life the two poles of the non-aesthetic are mechanical order and our very human tendency to disorder. And yet, of course, both the machine and the swollen, uncontrolled stream of life and thought are dynamic forces, and both are of vital interest and importance to the expressive artist. It is not therefore the crowd in itself, nor the crowded and confused consciousness of the individual, nor the machine that serves man's need, which is outside the realm of art. Collective philosophy has produced great art in Egypt, in China, and in the European Middle Ages. Within the boundaries of tradition

and under the patronage of governments there can be miracles of personal expression in art. And as for the machine—man can make it a means to unburden his heart and to objectify his vision. Even the sharpest lens of that precise fact-finding instrument, the camera, can be as sensitive to the touch and as malleable to the mind as a violin. Alfred Stieglitz has made the technique of photography not merely self-controlled but sensitive and intensely emotional. He selects a few wonders that he wants out of the innumerable effects in nature and, developing these findings of his sensitive plate, makes them symbolize with crystalline clarity his clairvoyant intuitions. It is not the machine as an instrument which is outside the realm of art. The machine is one of the most valuable raw materials which civilization has added to nature's storehouse for the artist. What Dewey means by the non-aesthetic character of mechanical order is the mere functioning of a machine as a successful coordination of inanimate parts without expressive purpose.

It is curious that two of the most prominent and significant of living painters, both men of great ability, seem to be deliberate in their attempts to submerge themselves, one of them in symbolizing technology and expert organization, and the other in reflecting with concrete types of humanity the external excitements of crowd life with all the chaotic distractions involved. If there were synthesis or personal commentary in such art it would be well occupied with these vital elements of the century. But self is ruled out not only from the wooden or metallic odds and ends painted by Fernand Léger, but from the story-telling murals of Thomas H. Benton. Léger's dismembered parts of machines and architectural ornament are indefinite in character and inconsequential in suggestion. The relations of the parts to each other are demonstrable and there is no doubt that the pattern is handsome. There is often a hint of the logic of function, but I, for one, prefer the objects themselves to these esoteric references to their utility as units of design. And that, for me at least, is as far as Léger's expression goes. I am certain that the aim of this innovator is

to deny to his utmost the value of any personal expression whatever.

Benton could be the most intelligent designer and the most expressive interpreter of the "American scene." The early easel picture "Loading Cattle" vividly and tersely describes the thundering hoofs of a herd kicking up decorative dust. The flanks and horns are accented, like the fence rails, in narrow planes of light above the shadowed mass of the excited animals. Against the brilliant sunshine of our Western plains, some farm buildings in the background and a swirl of smoke make striking silhouettes. Contrasting lines diagram both turbulent action and a station in space. And this study of movement has been integrated with a pattern of lights and darks which is subordinate to the geometrical structure. But of course that was a sort of expressionism and not architectonic mural painting which is the order of the day. Benton has become the busiest mural painter in America. Now he pieces together with bulging human forms and architectural fragments jagged segments of the jazz age, the crime wave, and all the rest of the hysterical post-war disruption. Unlike Rivera, who is always denouncing, he tries to "cover" with good "copy" every phase, good as well as bad.

Crops, tractors, aeroplanes, skyscrapers, sweat shops, ticker tape, bandits and bigots, burlesque, and ballyhoo—I can only suggest Benton's profuse imagery for his vulgar and chaotic America. These pictorial reports, like the headlines of the most sensational "extras" reveal no real emotion. He has observed types with a keen eye for character, and he paints them in spite of his mannerisms with dynamic power and an all-pervasive linear rhythm. And yet his flashes of anecdote are as cold and as impersonal as the abstractions of Léger, and obsessed with the same determination to be hard. In striking contrast to the passionate Orozco, the murals of Benton at the New School for Social Research lack personal passion. They reveal an all-over pattern of swirl and sculptural modelling in light. In Greco such a pattern was the very substance of himself. But in Benton's neo-Baroque the over-emphatic quality of agitation curiously cancels all the dynamic spark and personal emphasis of his early calligraphy. Léger's designs have a similar lack of focus and motive power. True significance of relations in art is only reached when there is fulfillment of the wish and of the need to fuse the plastic form with a substance of profoundly felt individual experience.



THOMAS BENTON: HERDING CATTLE

This brilliant study of movement was integrated with a pattern of lights and darks subordinate to the geometrical structure. It has a unity of impression which Benton's more recent murals lack conspicuously by reason of their journalistic crowding of incidents.

TOOLS AND MATERIALS

IIC: CARVED SCULPTURE

BY WILLIAM ZORACH

THE principle of the use of tools for cutting stone is very simple and is the same today as it was before history. Thousands of years ago man chose a rock and with an implement pounded this rock until he got a semblance of form, and then with stones and abrasives, and much muscle and patience ground the rock down to a smooth and polished surface. We do the same today. We have a greater variety and knowledge of tools, and our knowledge of metallurgy is greater than it ever has been in history; but the old Egyptians were great metallurgists, and primitive people developed various methods of drilling and polishing not so different from ours today. They had bow drills, hand drills, stone hammers and points, adzes of stone and metal and various crystal pastes and abrasives. There are primitive wheels run by foot paddles used today in China by jade cutters, the same as those used centuries ago.

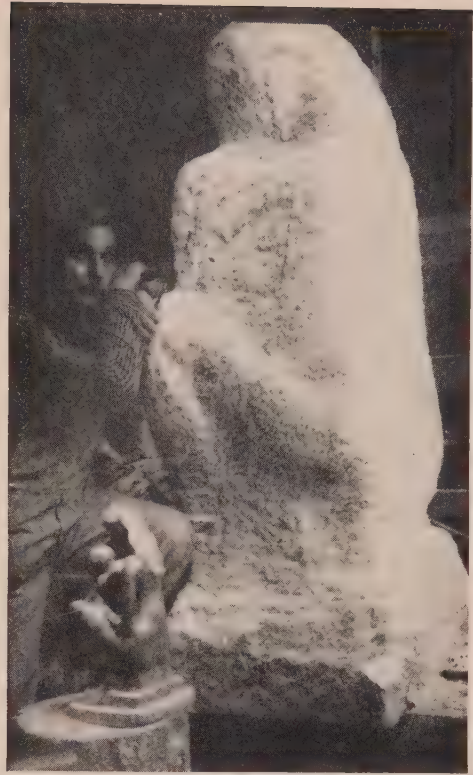
It is simple to acquire a knowledge of tools. The important thing for the student to realize is that it is not the complicated tool or the variety of tools that counts; that the most beautiful and finest work can be done by the simplest methods and with the simplest tools—in the case of stone cutting, a chisel, properly tempered, and a hammer. But he must have a tremendous desire and a terrific perseverance to carry him through years of application. Someone can give us tips and clues, but to get an actual working knowledge we have to run them to the ground ourselves. I know of no place today where the art student can get a thorough knowledge of stone cutting unless he goes to work with a tombstone cutter, which I do not consider either necessary or advisable. He can get a good working knowledge by self-application and effort, by talking with and watching tombstone cutters, by questioning blacksmiths who have a knowledge of tempering tools, and from the criticisms of, or by working with, sculptors who do direct carving. Most artists and workmen will gladly give him, for the asking,

what information he wants. The rest is intelligent application, experimentation, and the development of skill. Of course, there is always a right way and a wrong way of using tools. Someone can tell the student exactly what to do and when he tries to do it himself he will do everything wrong. I have done it myself, but I persisted until I could do it right.

TOOLS REQUIRED

The tools that are necessary in cutting stone are points, plain flat chisels, tooth chisels, four points and nine points, and bush hammers. These tools should be of various shapes and sizes, according to the work. To hit the chisels a striking hammer is used, as heavy a one as you can handle for roughing out, and a light one for delicate work. The heavy hammer should have a long handle and the light one a short handle. A square hammer is useful for the light work, but the regular stone cutters' hammer is most practical for heavy work. If you are going to drill holes or split rock, drills, shims, and wedges are necessary. Tools must be kept sharp, and for this an old-fashioned grindstone with water running over it is best. A regular carborundum wheel takes the temper out of tools very quickly. Two most important things in sculptor's equipment are glasses to protect the eyes from flying stone and dust, and a respirator to protect the lungs. This latter should always be worn for all fine work. The human system can absorb a certain amount of marble dust without harm, but granite, even in small quantities, is dangerous.

The same tools cannot be used both on marble and granite. A granite tool has a blunt point, a marble tool a sharp one, and the tempers are different. You can break and waste all kinds of tools if you do not use them properly, but you can also break endless tools if they are not tempered properly. The only tools with perfect temper are those bought from big companies, where everything is done very scientifically. For the ordinary carving



WILLIAM ZORACH: MOTHER AND CHILD

The completed figure on the left; on the right the block of stone after roughing out. Three years elapsed between the two stages.

of marble or limestone, personal knowledge of tempering is not really necessary. A few good tools will last a long time. But in doing carving on a large scale, even in marble, you will have to learn tempering or hire a blacksmith; and in work on granite, or even a hard marble, a personal knowledge of tempering is almost essential. If you are not in New York, go to the local tombstone cutter for advice and he will tell you of a local blacksmith who will make tools for you and explain the process to you. The process is simple, but to do it right is another thing and requires not only knowledge but skill and experience. Every blacksmith has his own theories and methods, but, no matter how experienced he is, many tools he makes for you will be imperfect, as he has to depend on the human eye and human judgment.

I will try to explain simply the method I find most satisfactory. The forge must be in a dark place so that the eye can easily follow the colors of the steel. The tool is heated

to the annealing point—red hot (an orange color, not white)—not too soft and not too hard, but so that it can be pounded into the shape desired. This heating removes the temper and leaves the steel soft. It is then filed and sharpened and left to cool slowly. To harden the steel, the end is heated to a cherry red—not too far up—and the tip dipped in salt water to the depth of about an inch, quickly removed, and then rubbed in sand to polish it. The color can then be seen traveling towards the point, and when it gets to be a purple color at the tip the end of the tool is again plunged into salt water to the depth of a half inch, and the rest of the tool very gradually cooled. For a harder tip—for granite—stop at a straw color and be very careful not to dip it too far the first time; otherwise the steel becomes too brittle to stand the heavy blows, and breaks. There is more to tempering than this, but the foregoing will give the student enough to go on. There are many variations of method; everyone will tell

him something a little different. He will learn most of it by doing.

THE MATERIALS

I would advise the student to begin with limestone; it is inexpensive and cuts very easily. Granite is very hard and difficult to work. Alabaster is the easiest stone to cut; it requires no more effort than wood. The veined and colored marbles are more difficult, and great care must be taken in selecting them so as not to get a piece with seams or cracks. You can test a stone by sounding it with a hammer and pouring water over it to bring out cracks and seams. Stone can be bought from various marble companies but is quite expensive, especially if it has to be ripped out and sawed to size. The sawing is sometimes as expensive as the stone. However, you can often pick up odd pieces around local stone yards or tombstone cutters. There are all kinds of stones lying around empty building lots in New York that the student can have for the carting away. When I am in Maine, I pick up rocks along the roads and in gravel pits. These rocks are particularly beautiful in color and texture, but I would not advise a beginner to do this because such stones are most difficult to work.

GENERAL PROCEDURE

The process of roughing out granite or marble is very similar except that the marble should be cut, more or less, while granite has to be crushed. Marble is a solid substance, whereas granite is composed of an infinite variety of particles which have to be separated and dislodged. To dislodge large chunks one has to have a very finely tempered point or chisel. To rough out the big forms and masses the chisel must be held with a firm grip pressed against the stone at an angle and dealt a terrific blow with the heavy striking hammer. The point must be held at an angle in order not to drive directly into the stone but to chip off the lumps or shoulders created by working. If you drive into the stone, you break the point. A rhythm of motion must be created which comes through experience. Great care must be taken at first, or a broken knuckle or crushed thumb may result before

you acquire an effective working rhythm.

From the outside edges you gradually work in, developing a semblance of form or mass of the figure or composition. The idea is not to work too fast but to chip off small pieces and to resist all temptation to develop detail until the larger forms are completely developed. Students always want to put in the features before they have a head. As the form develops, the sculptor's blows become more subtle and the chisels he uses are smaller. After the rough silhouette is created he proceeds to study and develop the form, carrying the work as far as possible with the pointed chisel but sometimes alternating with the bush hammer to pound the masses into simplified planes. But the more completely you can work your stone with the point, the quicker and more creative will be your result. Personally, I feel almost all the carving until the very surface should be done with the point. This also keeps you from getting involved too soon in details and keeps the larger relationships of form constantly in your mind. Unless you practically complete your carving with the pointed tool, you will find there is a tremendous waste of broken chisels and tools which is quite unnecessary. The final development is done with the tooth chisel on marble, followed by the flat chisel. The tooth chisel is useless on granite. In developing delicate parts such as nose, eyes, ears, the form must be cut on a bevel, each form developed on the order of a pyramid supported by a mass in back. Intricate and elaborate forms have been cut in marble, usually by drilling, but stone is not suitable for such work. The most beautiful carvings are the most simple, where the stone is held in one complete mass, designed without projections.

In working marble the final finish can be developed by cutting the surface delicately with a flat sharp chisel, finally not using the mallet at all but just pushing the tool back and forth over the surface with slow pressure. This chiseled surface is slow work but is much superior to a surface developed by files, rasps and sandpaper. Now, if you wish, the surface may be polished. The one thing that fascinates the layman in sculpture is a polished surface. He feels that real accomplishment

has gone into the work; it is finished. But to the artist the real creative work and skill comes before the polishing. Yet polishing should be done with great patience and feeling—otherwise, the planes are lost and the forms merely rounded off and destroyed. If a high polish is desired, the marble is rubbed with fine carborundum stones, with lump pumice and, finally, hones. The final rubbing is done with thick Mexican felt and putty powder (tin oxide). The process is similar in polishing granite except that a half dozen grades of carborundum are used, and the longer you work with the finest grade the higher the final polish will be. Black hone is used last and is most important—no polish can be obtained without it. For details, stones and hones are broken into any shape desired. The final rubbing is done with putty powder. Putty powder is used sparingly and not too liquid. Small areas are worked over at a time and not the whole surface at once.

I believe carving by hand is the only method for the student to use. He should never use the pneumatic chisel until he has had a number of years experience cutting by hand, not only because of the physical hazards but the artistic hazards as well. Most people have a false idea about the pneumatic or electric chisel. This tool is useful only for the final finish. All creative work such as blocking out and roughing should be done by hand with the pointed chisel. It can be done much faster and better by hand. The pneumatic chisel is useless for chipping off any quantity of stone at a time. In granite it can be used for grinding and working the surface after the form is developed. Using the pneumatic chisel is a dangerous habit to get into and not at all necessary unless working on a monumental scale.

THE QUESTION OF A MODEL

I have no set rule of procedure in carving. Sometimes I let the stone suggest its possibilities. Sometimes I work from drawings. Sometimes I make a small rough model in clay; this gives me a mass or design and allows me freedom to develop my final form. I always feel free to change and follow the development of the forms as they grow. A small

sketch in clay will give a sense of dimension and depth, of direction and planes. I feel this allows a greater range of expression than cutting into a stone without a preliminary sketch. The latter too often results in a four-sided silhouette or a rounded form too closely bound to the original mass of the stone. I believe in continual observation and study of nature, not from the point of view of copying but from the point of view of form relation and form development. You have to work long and hard at a thing for the inner form to reveal itself. People always ask, "What do you do if you cut away too much?" The answer is, you don't; cutting is a constant balancing of form against form.

For a good many hundred years practically all sculpture in stone has been done by pointing it up from a plaster model, never cutting direct. Pointing is a purely mechanical process based on a system of measurements. Two points are fixed at the base on the front of the model and one on top. Then the indicator of the instrument is set to the required depth of each hole—and the hole drilled. Infinite holes are drilled to varying depths and the stone chipped away to within a quarter of an inch of the surface. The rest has to be done freely and is at the mercy of the workman. The method of pointing has always been a tragedy to the sculptor; he seldom does it himself but never likes the fact that he doesn't do it to be too obvious, and the human element in the workmen he employs cannot be eliminated. They are often inferior and careless, and the finished sculpture is full of pointing holes of various depths. I have seen pieces of sculpture where the workman either got absent-minded or came in on Monday with a hangover and drilled as much as six inches too deep. This usually means a patch which may or may not stay in. A patch like this can be seen on the lion in front of the New York Public Library. I have seen marbles carved from Rodin's models after his death that would make Rodin turn over in his grave if he could see them.

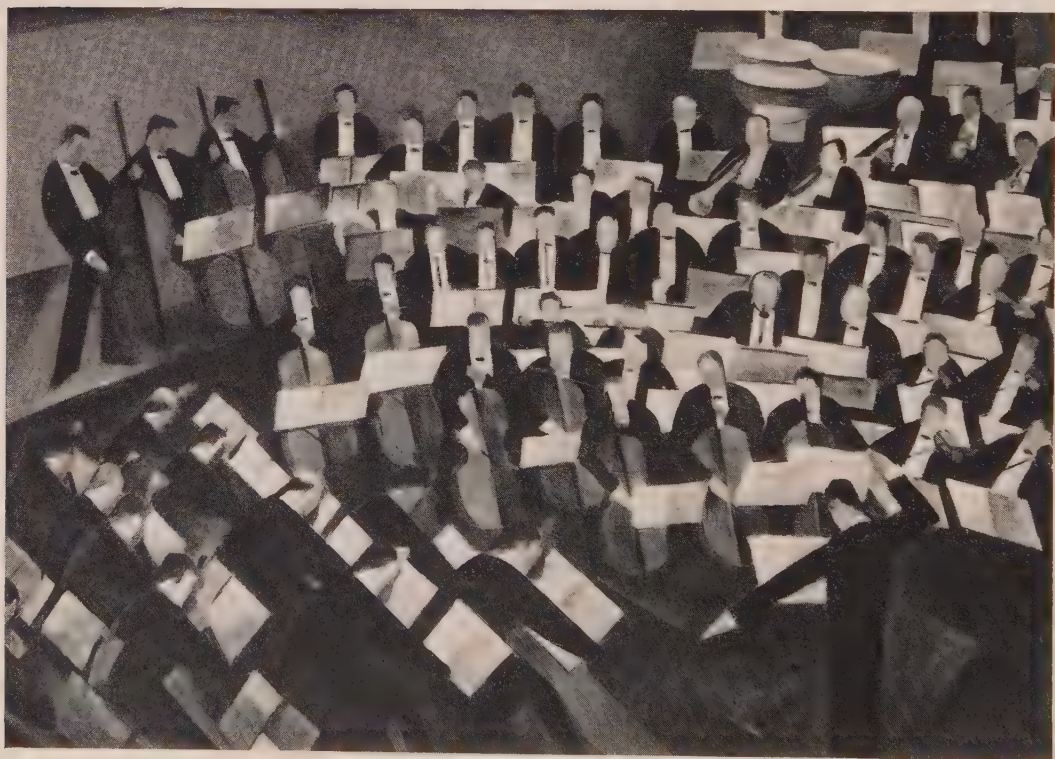
Personally, I believe pointing is all right as a method of copying a work already done, and for architectural work—where it is really a necessity. But it is very detrimental to

creative development, especially for a student.

To me, direct sculpture is greater than modelled sculpture; its problems are greater and its possibilities of creative expression are deeper. More goes into it, not just in time and work, but in creative thought and feeling. Yet some artists think that if they merely scratch a piece of stone they have a piece of sculpture, and the public, which cannot know what it is all about, takes it seriously. There can be worthless direct carving as well as meaningless modelling. So much depends upon what the artist has to contribute that any individual work stands on its own merits whether carved direct or modelled. But no sculptor can possibly appreciate the range of expression in sculpture and the possibilities of the relations of form and mass unless he has had a good deal of experience in direct carving. In direct carving the artist is the sole master of his materials from the very first

conception in roughing it out, to the final details and perfecting. And after all, who but the creator can really know what to do with a piece of creative work?

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: In the catalogue published by Dallet Company, 165-189 Clearfield Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, there will be found illustrations of all the tools and equipment described. Reliable tool makers are: V. Raionne, 348 East 110th Street, New York City, and James W. Madden (stone-cutters' tools), Boston, Massachusetts. Stone for carved sculpture can be obtained from the following: Tompkins Kiel Marble Company, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Vermont Marble Company, New York City; Georgia Marble Company, Tate, Georgia. For further information see article by William Zorach, *Sculpture throughout the Ages from Primitive to Modern Times*, in *Collier's National Encyclopedia*.)



HERBERT LEWIS: UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

In the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition



CONSTANTINE POUGIALIS: THE BLUE ROOM

Awarded the Brower Prize (\$300) at the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition

PAINTING IN CHICAGO

BY F. A. GUTHEIM

THE Thirty-ninth Annual Exhibition by artists of Chicago and vicinity at the Art Institute is by all odds the best local show I have ever seen in Chicago. The entire East gallery is given over to it, and two hundred and fifty-six artists are represented with one work each. When this fact is recalled, the extraordinarily high level of the exhibition as a whole is a tribute not to the handful of exceptional artists that can make any reasonably good local show a memorable event, but to the rank and file of Chicago painters. If one adds to the number of excellent paintings those with equally excellent intentions and ideas that somehow did not quite

fulfill their purposes, the result is exciting and full of promise.

The birth this year of a Salon of the Rejected, sturdily drummed up by Mr. C. J. Bullett of the *Chicago Daily News*, and discussed below, gives one an unusual chance to throw a few bouquets at the jurors who selected the Institute show, Messrs. Edward Bruce, Henry G. Keller, and Grant Wood. A careful comparison of the rejected paintings with those accepted fails to produce enough ammunition to explode a pop-gun aimed in their direction.

The trends observed in the Chicago show are principally two: a general and slow return to a recognition of subject matter, coupled



RUTH VAN SICKLE FORD: JENNY

Awarded the Chicago Woman's Aid Prize (\$100) at the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition

with the growth of the American scene idea accelerated by the PWAP; and a decided inclination on the part of many painters toward a more catholic use of art in which, notably, humor finds expression.

With respect to prizes, I do not find myself in accord with the awards of the jury, with the exception of a very able painting by Ruth Van Sickel Ford, "Jenny," given (appropriately) the Chicago Woman's Aid Prize. Here, in a yellow window frame, sits the very embodiment of the seamstress at her sewing machine, clad (like all possible seamstresses) in a dowdy blue frock, regarding her work through a pair of broken spectacles with an habitual fixity of expression and pursing of the mouth; it is a good character painting. Constantine Pougialis's "The Blue Room," awarded the Jule F. Browne prize, is a pensive study of repose in which a mood is captured almost wholly through the subtle employment of color.

In proceeding to the most successful group of paintings in the show, those depicting contemporary local scenes, I feel it is necessary to say first that the tendency they represent is important in establishing a closer rapport between the artist and those for whom he paints, it gives the artist a more disciplined observation of his material, and it rejuvenates subject matter as an important element in painting. Such a canvas is Anne Kutka's women's "Dressing Room" of a cheap department store, a gloomy tangle of female extremities, bounded by flimsy partitions. The late Sam Avery's "Hoover Hotel" is a characteristic Chicago scene of bums under Michigan Boulevard clustered about an open fire, strongly painted and composed. Elise Donaldson continues her remarkable series of shrewd comments on Chicago life and manners in "Millinery Department." Kenneth Shopen's beach scene, "Amphibious Arabesque," shows an organized chaos of relaxing humanity, a dirty green surf rolling against a beach beyond the progression of yellow, red, and brown tones of sunburned bodies. With an ethnological eye for manners and gestures reminiscent of Bruegel, Carl Benton Compton has painted a conversational group after church on a "Sunday Afternoon," hotly debating—whether a point

of dogma or the AAA I know not. Of street scenes, buildings, and people there are many, but a few stand out. Of these, Briggs Dyer's "Western Street" and François R. E. Noga's interesting comment on last year's fire at the stockyards, "The Smouldering City," just miss the boat, the one for lack of clarity and the other for a feeble and unworthy purpose. Thomas F. Daly's "Mackinac Island Street" is a hauntingly desolate scene on this island where there are no automobiles, with a beauty of color and charm that sets it apart. Similar in feeling to Daly's painting and near-by is Vincent d'Agostino's "Winter Landscape" of chopped, barren limbs of trees against a snowy background. The only other landscape that I caught on the wing was the green, Cézannish, "Taxco Trees" by William Stirling Dickinson. Two scenes of fishermen hauling nets by Magnus Gjertsen and Robert von Neumann are good of their kind, clear, rhythmic and colorful. A tender painting of an adolescent girl, "Maria," by Felix Ruvolo, is comparable to Pougialis's work, although in many ways bolder and more successful, and Howard Thomas's "Girl in Costume" is a thoroughly competent portrait.

The movement away from the tedious post-



K. P. BECKER: DRINKING SCENE
In the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition



FRANCIS CHAPIN: CHICAGO LANDSCAPE

Awarded the Carr Prize (\$100) at
the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition

A. RAYMOND KATZ: THE BANQUET PHOTO

In the Art Institute's Chicago Exhibition



war pendulum motion, swinging between frenzies and trivia, is well illustrated in the artists' willingness and capacity for humor and satire; this, of course, is but a natural corollary of the current preoccupation of artists with the life around them. Two paintings that brought me to shouts of laughter were K. P. Becker's "Drinking Scene, 1934" and A. Raymond Katz's "The Banquet Photo." The first is a sophisticated and penetrating comment, executed with a remarkable economy of effort; I can only say that it is reminiscent of E. B. White's notable covers for the *New Yorker*, and yet infinitely superior to them in every way. It is an American Grosz. Katz has painted a photogenic distortion of those banquet photographs that twist the faces of the unfortunates sitting close to the camera, a subject funny in itself although its humor is as distinctly heightened by the painter as the conscious effort of the artist is superior to the melancholy accident of the photographer.

My other notes on this show refer only to isolated paintings. Helen Bell has an amusing painting of a pickaninny in a rubber plant called "Topsy." Edmund Giesbert's "Nude II" is one of the few nudes in the show, and the best to my eye. A. J. Haugseth's "At Lunch" is an excellent, although inconsequential work. The large "Unfinished Symphony" by Hubert Lewis is far from unfinished; it is so finished that its perfection is almost mechanical; I would like very much to see a black and white lithograph of this same subject, one of the most daring and carefully thought-out paintings in the show. George Lusk's waterfall, "Smoky Mountains, North Carolina," is sensitive and colorful, as is H. G. Tutor's "Eon Alchemy." The still life by C. W. Wheeler, "Kitchen Table," is the best still life I have seen recently in Chicago and looks as if the artist had fun doing it.

II

Despite the fact that the cream of contemporary Chicago painting hangs in the Art Institute, one canvas of most of the successful participants in the Institute show, and two pictures of artists rejected entirely are on

show at the Davis Store as a "Salon of the Rejected." And here is some remarkable work.

Two paintings by Kalman Himmel, "Dance Hall" and "Waltz Night at the Garden," together establish him instantly as a talented and ambitious artist. These paintings are as thoroughly characteristic of megalopolitan Chicago as those twin terpsichorean palaces, the Aragon and the Trianon, replete with blue lights in brown halls populated by locked, swaying couples. Another strong pair of canvases by Henry R. Hantke, "Lazy Afternoon" and "Junk Yard," are expressive and colorful. Ciel Rosenberg's portrait "My Father" is a well-conceived, thoughtful job, and Fritz Brod has a mother and child painted in a dramatic, circular composition that marks the artist as both original and powerful.

Not much propaganda painting is to be found in either show, but a stark, compelling picture by Jan Wittenberger, "They built palaces but sleep on the streets," is easily first in this category, and outstrips by far a large majority of paintings in both shows. Laurence Adam's large canvas of a relief shelter at night leans somewhat on Orozco but is the better for it.

An exuberant and funny painting of a quoits player, "Back Yard Talent" by G. L. McDonald, is a little strained but shows a keen eye, while T. Johnson's small painting of boxers has a good swinging rhythm and lots of color.

Elise Donaldson's "Auto Show" is unevenly painted, and, while good, is not equal to her "Millinery Shop" in the Institute show. A landscape with buildings by F. Cullinan and two nudes by Richard G. Florsheim and William Finkel are very ably done.

The salon of rejected paintings is an excellent idea, and the participating artists all meet their bad fortune with good grace. Perhaps its greatest significance is that a thorough survey of local painting is really not possible in three hundred works; but in twice that number it is. And thus, from the two shows together, a general and relatively complete picture of painting in Chicago is possible.



Courtesy Kraushaar Gallery

WILLIAM GLACKENS: GIRL IN BLACK AND WHITE
In the Retrospective Showing of the Artist's Work at the Kraushaar Gallery



Courtesy Kraushaar Gallery

WILLIAM GLACKENS: THE GREEN CAR

In the Retrospective Showing of the Artist's Work at the Kraushaar Gallery

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By FORBES WATSON

WILLIAM GLACKENS

IN the midst of the screaming ballyhoo to which painting is now so fearsomely subjected, an exhibition opens here and there to which no up-to-snuffish tag can be allocated. Neither mincing boys of fashion nor vulgar two-fisted America-hailers can discover anything in such painting to help to fill their bags of tricks. And so the prancers will not coordinate nor will the flag-wavers shout. Whoever opens such an exhibition is left to the tender mercies of those who enjoy painting "for its own sake."

William J. Glackens, who is now holding a retrospective exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, is a good test case for those who wish to study the gullibility of the American public toward the subject of painting. Mr. Glackens does not, like Grant Wood, advertise in Chicago papers for red-flannel drawers

of the 'nineties; nor does he, like John Steuart Curry, paint darkest American Kansas. Although he drew and painted the "American Scene" before Reginald Marsh was born, he apparently did not come to Mr. Marsh's profound conclusion that "well-bred people are no fun to paint," a conclusion, incidentally, which reminds me of a good little boy-scout sneaking a smoke behind the barn. At the other extreme I should say that Mr. Glackens is not in the slightest danger of being given parties by our oh! so tardy *avant-garde* such as they gave to the sadly business-like Dali to which the guests were asked to come as their own pet dreams.

It's very sad, considering the present rough and sickly state of publicity, but Mr. Glackens is merely a painter. For a good many years now he has painted with a real delight in painting. Some people cannot tolerate so

simple a process because, not caring intrinsically for painting, they are forever looking for side issues on which they can more confidently expend their words. Life is very difficult. If you are not a paranoiac painter you simply must be a dirt farmer painter.

In the battles now raging between the subconscious and the blatantly objective, an artist so simple-minded as to be absorbed in the beauties and delights of that delicious medium known as oil paint has no place in the ring. Evidently Mr. Glackens does not mind. He has seen a lot of painters come and go. Indirectly he has been a great collector, and it may have been through this that he learned the futility of immediate opinions where subject matter is concerned. At any rate he has shown for years, during which his fame has risen and fallen, that if people would be courteous enough to leave him alone to paint, he would be perfectly willing to allow time to decide whether he is a mere emulator or the insufficiently recognized personality that a few of us think he is.

His work seems to attract painters more than nationalists, proletarians, or cosmopolitans. Those who cannot look before they read are bothered by his alleged obligations to Renoir. They will admit that their favorite novelist may owe more to Joyce than Glackens owes to Renoir. They admit also that their favorite philosopher reads the works of other philosophers and that their favorite architects look at the work of other architects. But in painting they demand a theme song never heard before, an originality born of ignorance.

I suspect very much these ignorant originals, having found so often that their ignorance was a pretense dedicated to the fashion. Let Mr. Glackens be an "amigo" if that is what he is. At least he is frank about it. And then, as recompense, he gives us the pleasures of distinguished color, of a vision that is never common, of an eye that is fine and sensitive. There lingers in me a deep suspicion that a great many painters who are now the big shots in high-powered publicity will be forgotten, as the crude spirits which they are, long before the painting joys of Glackens's uncontaminated brushes cease to give pleasure

to those who respond more to good painting and less to hot-house boosting.

ABSTRACT PAINTING IN AMERICA

If someone had told me that there was an exhibition of "Abstract Painting in America" and had not told me where it was, I should have trundled up to Fifty-third Street to the Modern Museum and found myself forty-five blocks out of the way, for this exhibition is at the Whitney Museum of American Art on Eighth Street. I suppose that with Mr. Philip Johnson and Mr. Alan Blackburn living at the Broadmoor in Washington near enough to Mr. Huey Long to catch all his nuances, Mr. Barr forgot all about abstract art for the moment. Anyway, Mr. Stuart Davis, or somebody, did the trick at the Whitney Museum and whoever did it, did it extremely well.

I have never amused myself by tossing bouquets in the direction of Mr. Stuart Davis as a painter, but to Mr. Stuart Davis the writer I am glad to pay tribute, because his introduction to the catalogue of the Whitney's entry into the world of modern art-history, which seems so tactfully to confine itself to movements about which literature exists to tabulate, is about the best review of the exhibition that could be written. Not only is it calm and collected; it is also knowing and experienced.

For those who have seen so many of these pictures when they first excitingly appeared, the show takes on very much of a nostalgic quality. The time that has elapsed since Joseph Stella's "Coney Island" (unfortunately not present) appeared in 1914 at the Montross Galleries, since Max Weber appeared with "Women in Tents" (or some such title) at the Ehrich Galleries, and since John Quinn's Carroll Galleries flourished Russell and Wright and Picasso's first one-man show—which Quinn bought, against his will, because war risks made its return to France impractical—has brought a different perspective upon these works.

The most surprising thing about the exhibition is that in the catalogue after the titles of so many of these more or less historic pieces, there is that present-day pretentious



GASTON LACHAISE: TORSO (PLASTER) 1934

In the One Man Show at the Museum of Modern Art

phrase "collection of the artist," meaning, of course, simply unsold. Why are so many of these pictures unsold when we have collectors who pretend, right now at least, to be so intensely interested in American art? I can't imagine an American collection thinking it had any historic weight if it did not include many of these paintings, which are such evident and, frequently, such handsome reminders of the American artist's development. Possibly, it would be more accurate to say the development of American art. Consider for a moment Max Weber's "Lecture at Metropolitan Museum." It's far more beautiful than any lecture I have ever heard.

Mr. Weber is easily the outstanding figure here. But then he was that during the entire

period which the Exhibition covers. We have no more highly cultivated painter. So-called abstract art lends itself to cultivation and is a terrible give-away for the uncultivated. Abstract art lends itself to the talents of certain painters. I never saw better Ben Benn's than are here. And a little bit of a semi-abstract by Walt Kuhn makes one quite forget his strident burlesques.

I should think our historic-minded museum-leaders would be humming through this exhibition. As my old friend Mr. Walkowitz said: "It's the most important exhibition this institution has ever held; it upsets our equilibrium by creating a new equilibrium." I don't agree with the first part of the statement, but certainly Cubism deserves the right to claim



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

STEFAN HIRSCH: THE DISPATCHER (MURAL)

In the Mural Painters Society's Exhibition at the Grand Central Art Galleries

that in upsetting one equilibrium it created another.

GASTON LACHAISE HONORED

Every so often the Museum of Modern Art decides to honor a contemporary artist by giving him a one-man show, and when it performs this feat it does it with unparalleled thoroughness. In the case of some of the painters it has turned out to be a rather dangerous feat, and looking back from their present to their past glory of a one-man Museum exhibition they seem almost to have been cowed into an imitation of themselves by such official recognition. I do not, however, predict that Mr. Lachaise, whose sculpture now

holds down two floors of the Museum, will be in the least cowed.

The sculpture of Gaston Lachaise has long been familiar to that part of the New York public which concerns itself with exhibitions. When his work first began to appear, a good many people—even among those who were aware of some formidable power in this artist—were disconcerted. If you are interested, you might look at what was said about "Standing Woman" when it first appeared in a New Society exhibition some years ago at the Wildenstein Galleries.

Judging by the canons of naturalism, people felt that Mr. Lachaise's insistence on abnormal bulk in his feminine figures savored of

sensationalism. Perhaps they hoped he would make acceptance easier for them by modifying his exaggerations. He has, on the contrary, insisted more and more, increasing from year to year the proportions of his gigantic women and continuing to formalize his statement with greater definition.

The formalization is carried very far. The work can certainly not be described as primitive, yet it is more akin to that of the primitive arts, which create symbols for life forces,

than to the polished conventions evolved by the ultra-sophisticated. It must now be evident that to suspect the sculptor of mere sensationalism is wide of the mark. Mr. Lachaise has proved that he is far too serious an artist to occupy himself with trivial aims. Mere exaggeration has never been his object.

The retrospective exhibition of his work demonstrates his development as an artist. The growth of his conception has been consistently away from individual forms and to-



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

WILLIAM GROPPER: WINE FESTIVAL (MURAL)

In the Mural Painters Society's Exhibition at the Grand Central Art Galleries

ward generalized form. His huge figures are not persons; they are ideas of heroic form. So regarded, these great torsos and heads have a quality that is not less than grandeur. Even the portrait heads are far from being literal representations, sharing with the monumental pieces the expression of a powerful imagination. Unlike many artists Mr. Lachaise inevitably leaves his audience wondering what is driving him where.

In presentation of the sculpture, the Museum has maintained its high standard of effectiveness, the blue walls in the lower rooms being particularly felicitous as a background. A number of drawings supplement the sculpture and help to clarify the artist's aims. They provide an aid that is not to be neglected, for Lachaise, with his complete disregard of qualities of superficial charm (unless, of course, you insist that a highly developed craftsmanship is charming), requires a certain effort from the beholder.

YESTERDAY'S AMERICAN SCENE

To be piously cherished in the archives of

Missouri, if not to be taken with a too portentous seriousness as art, are the pictures of George Caleb Bingham which the Museum of Modern Art is displaying on the walls of its upper rooms. Bingham was a native of Virginia but he devoted most of his efforts as a painter to illustrating rustic life as he saw it in Missouri in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Bingham's canvases are engaging specimens of provincial genre. The artist was not only a painter; he was also a citizen in his community, playing an active part in the political life of the time. His pictures of election crowds and other scenes of frontier life are done with the lively interest of a man who did not hold himself aloof as a mere observer but felt himself at home with his fellow men. Not that his observation was at fault. On the contrary, it was keen, humorous, and, at times, delicate, enabling him to leave us a unique record of the life of his time in the Mississippi Valley.

Bingham was no genius but his craftsmanship was better than might be expected, con-



Courtesy Valentine Gallery

JOHN KANE: THROUGH COLEMAN HOLLOW UP THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY

In the Memorial Exhibition at the Valentine Gallery



Courtesy Valentine Gallery

JOHN KANE: ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA

In the Memorial Exhibition at the Valentine Gallery

sidering his environment, and his ingenuous enthusiasm wins a sympathetic response.

ART FRONT

A few evenings ago I attended the weekly meeting of the Artist's Union. I heard sincere and moving talk and was introduced to the Union's mouthpiece, *Art Front*, now in its third issue. This paper, which sells for five cents, could safely adopt the slogan: "Value guaranteed or your money refunded." It contains various articles fighting the present relief program as it affects artists. By these attacks the reader will be swayed according to his belief in whether artists, by presenting a union or group front, are weakening or strengthening their chances to develop as artists. If the reader happens to be so confirmed a disciple of individualistic destiny that he finds the idea of unionizing artists antipathetic, he may object to the frank group impulsion of the Union. However unsympathetic with *Art Front's* economic program, only the rather stupidly prejudiced could resist a number of reviews that, sharing the warm sin-

cerity that permeates the entire publication, are far above the average.

The Union thoroughly despises Hitler and Mussolini. That in itself would be enough to win my affections. But my economic and political views are too vague to be useful. I merely have yearnings for a vast change which will oust money-baggers and permit justice to raise her head more proudly. And I thoroughly agree with Mr. Shaw that Americans should invent and develop their own political and economic machinery through which to create a happy ending to a financial drama that has been anything but pretty.

Still, it is not about such things that I wish to talk in regard to my first reading of *Art Front*. I wish to draw attention to some reviews which princes, communists, or bourgeois, if they like wit, sincerity and purpose, will enjoy quite regardlessly. Stuart Davis, in an article entitled *The New York American Scene in Art*, goes after that absurd article that appeared in *Time* on the subject of Wood, Marsh, Benton, Curry. He attacks the latest manifestations in chauvinistic criti-

cism as effectively and understandingly as did our own E. M. Benson when he reviewed Mr. Craven's latest in these pages. Referring to the obvious fact that the so-called American scene was the theme of many artists' work before the present high-powered publicity campaign in behalf of a limited group of self-advertisers, Mr. Davis writes: "The earlier group, however, had the advantage of not being burdened by the vicious and windy chauvinistic ballyhoo carried on in their defense by a writer like Thomas Craven whose critical values may possibly be clouded by a lively sense of commercial expediency. His efforts to bring art values to the plane of a Rotarian luncheon are a particularly repellent form of petty opportunism and should be so understood and explained whenever one has the misfortune to slip on them." . . .

Mr. Davis' reference to Mr. Craven's "commercial expediency" is in very doubtful taste being unfair and beside the point. He is no more tender with the pretensions of the little group of "going-Americans" to which *Time* gave so much of its valuable and, in that case, misinformed space.

For our five cents we also were given an illuminating *Letter on Salvator Dali* by Clarence Weinstock, an article called *Dada for Propaganda* by Jerome Klein, Moses Soyler's review of the Whitney Biennial, not to mention his review of his own exhibition, and a highly diverting account of the Johnson, Blackburn, Huey Long episode. But perhaps the best thing about *Art Front* is its self-evident belief in the fact that if artists stop trying to live like stock-brokers before the crash, and live like artists, and work for their fellows, both a spiritual and a material enrichment will result. *Art Front* certainly believes in being a brave St. George against the dragon chauvinism.

MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

Those who doubt the fact that last year's Public Works of Art Project stimulated interest in mural painting in this country can easily have their doubts removed by going to the Grand Central Galleries while the Mural Painters Society is holding an exhibition of retrospective and contemporary mural paint-

ing. America, of course, as others may have suspected, is a remarkable country. When it goes it goes. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, instead of having a Eugene Savage and a Barrie Faulkner the only painters whom architects have heard of since Kenyon Cox and Sargent, a horde of mural painters moves toward the great wall-minded public.

In all innocence I went to this exhibition thinking that I was going to see another Grand Central Galleries display. Of course the Grand Central has never escaped from its academic fetters although every so often it makes a motion toward what is sometimes called liberal art. On the whole it restricts itself to displaying the hard-working manufacturers whose eyes are on about as low a plane as the eyes of their clients.

Therefore when I passed through the hotel palm garden sculpture gallery and thence through a gallery of good old stock seconds in landscape and portraits, I was not surprised to come face to face with a prominently placed reproduction of one of the "Reverend" Edwin Blashfield's numerous and industrious efforts. But I had not much further to proceed before realizing that, far from being in Bishop Manning's parlor, someone had knocked me on the head and thrown me into the John Reed Club.

Perhaps once upon a time the muralists believed that wars took place entirely for the sake of giving them an opportunity to do a "Victory," and that law courts existed because the symbol of Justice was such a pretty lady, and that capital could do no wrong because without it no righteous and uplifting painter of our noble customs could receive forty dollars a square foot for his wall acreage unless there were plenty of honestly made capital on hand with which to pay him. But it appears that those days are past, not to say *passé*.

Today it appears to be the belief of those who have taken to the walls that a smile upon government, law, order, or so-called property is much more than a breach of mural etiquette. It is a dastardly betrayal. The under-rated Orozco and the over-rated Rivera possibly may have had some influence. In any case, there is a tremendous flux, and the spirit of

(Continued on page 186)



ROSS BRAUGHT: MAKO SICA (LITHOGRAPH)

This Kansas City Print Maker Won the First Graphic Arts Prize at the Annual Midwestern Exhibition at the Kansas City Art Institute

SPEAKING ABOUT ART

EDITED BY PHILIPPA WHITING

Boston Forms the Present

ONE of the things that is supposed to be hardest on the contemporary nervous system is the rapidity with which life changes around us. Commentators are always giving us the impression that we are whizzing through transitions. I think sometimes that we need that assurance in order to avoid the nervous strain of watching the way things do not change. Art seasons, for instance, unroll their length each year, developing before they end striking similarities to those that have unrolled before. There are the same arguments and the same factions. The same people make the same remarks and are quoted in the same way. The conservatives run true to form; the faddists run true to form; the smart collectors run true to form; the communists

run true to form. It looks and is very active, and it gets to precisely the same place.

In spite of the appearances, it turns out to be a changing world after all. If our transitions are not so brisk and twentieth-century as we claim, at least every once in a while some one steps out of character and achieves the unexpected. This time it is Boston. Boston, and New England in general, have long played a very consistent and a very valuable part. Comparatively early in the game New England discharged the larger part of its discontent upon the West—those who did not like the *status quo* departed for a place where they could create a new one; those who remained did so because they were reasonably satisfied. Being satisfied, their part has been to maintain something that existed already—to conserve, to set standards.



HUSBAND AS DONOR IN PRAYER

Protected by Saints Anthony Abbot and John the Baptist.
By a Lombard Painter toward 1460-70. Given to the
Houston Museum's Endowment Collection by Samuel
Henry Kress

The Museum of Fine Arts has not been swept by restlessness. It has not chased fashions. It has applied its funds and the energies of its staff to selecting from the proved and the established, and in so doing it has built up its noteworthy Asiatic collections, its Egyptian division, its classical department, its collection of paintings. Where it has pioneered, as it did in East Indian art, it has done so in a calculable, classifiable field. To the doctrine that a museum owes a debt to the civilization that supports it, Boston has turned a deaf ear. Other museums have wrestled with the dangerous problem of contemporary art, some out of conviction and some out of convention, but Boston has been disinterested, and it has confined its function to one that could remain disinterested. The storms that have broken over the heads of the administrators of the Metropolitan's Hearn Fund have not bothered to stop at Boston, because there were no heads to break over.

It was therefore something of a shock to encounter in the January twentieth *Boston Herald* the announcement of future plans for the Museum of Fine Arts under its new director, George Harold Edgell. The interview with Dr. Edgell appeared under a three-line heading which stated that his purpose was to encourage contemporary and *local* painting and sculpture. Boston has not dared even the safest and quietest of contemporary waters; the most uncontroversial and established artists in the country have become established elsewhere. Dr. Edgell would probably not have allowed himself to be quoted so strongly if he had not meant what he said, and what he said was that the Museum should not establish itself as a court of judgment but should present the best work of artists of varying credos, so that the public might make its own judgment. The public of the Museum of Fine Arts is larger than it used to be; attendance during 1934 was the greatest in its history. This new public will have an opportunity to participate, with its Museum, in the forming of the present—the period in which, whether we like it or not, we have to live.

Worthy of the Midwest

Rossiter Howard writes that the recent Midwestern Artists Exhibition at the Kansas City

Art Institute was both characteristic and worthy of the Midwest. Regional lines were not strictly applied; the Institute accepted works from a few artists east of the Mississippi who consider themselves Midwesterners. But the show had the general character of the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Three distinguished but non-resident artists, Thomas Benton, John Steuart Curry, and Henry Varnum Poor, were invited to exhibit, not in competition, together with the members of the jury. The jury: Grant Wood, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Birger Sandzen, Lindsborg, Kansas; and Oscar B. Jacobson, Norman, Oklahoma.

Houston Reviews Its Fruits

Two fifteenth-century Lombard paintings have recently been given the Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Texas, by Samuel Henry Kress of New York. Evidently the lateral panels of a triptych, they have been authenticated by Roberto Longhi, Adolpho Venturi, Giuseppe Fiocco, and F. F. Mason Perkins. The first three attribute the paintings to Giovanni della Chiesa; Perkins mentions no individual painter, but dates the panels in the third quarter of the fifteenth century.

These paintings are gifts to the newly formed Endowment Collection, made up of works of art contributed by artists, dealers, and collectors. The announcement of the Endowment campaign caused a great stir when it was made last June, and drew strong protests from Jonas Lie of the National Academy. The Museum has taken this opportunity to review the fruits of its nation-wide appeal. Fifty-one fruits have ripened to date. Some of these were contributed to the permanent collections by private individuals like Mr. Kress; some by dealers, and some by the artists themselves. Contributions by private individuals are traditional and inevitable and desirable. Contributions by dealers may serve the purposes of dealers and those of the Museum so that everyone will be happy. Contributions by artists likewise serve the aims of the two agencies involved; the Museum gets a painting, and the artist is represented in a museum. But gifts by artists of their own paintings, however generous the motives, are



WIFE AS DONOR IN PRAYER

Protected by Saints Margaret and Catharine. By a Lombard Painter toward 1460-70. Given to the Houston Museum's Endowment Collection by Samuel Henry Kress

the worst of bad ideas. The long fight for the adequate support of the artist is too important a thing to wave aside in order to build up the permanent collection of one museum or to bolster the reputations of any artists now living. Those thousands of artists who wish to work for a living, and most of them do, have every right to resent the generous and altruistic action of their arrived brothers. The artist is the only member of our society who is called upon to work and then to contribute the results of his work to his loving public for nothing. He is the center of a culture cult which has as little meaning as most cults—it fills in empty Sunday afternoons. If art is so important to the people of Houston, let them buy it—and in buying it, take an active part in its creation. If it is not important enough to buy, let them be honest and buy the things they do want. The artist will be better off—he will not be deceived by drawing-room enthusiasms, by the kind of art patronage that sends the bill to him.

New San Francisco Museum

On January eighteenth, the new San Francisco Museum of Art was formally opened to

the public, and by the end of two weeks it had had twenty thousand visitors. Dr. Grace Morley, Curator, feels that part of the public interest is due to the unusual hours, for the Museum is open from twelve noon until ten in the evening. These hours apparently fill a real need, for the peak attendance period falls between seven-thirty and nine-thirty. Educational activities are being concentrated at this time to provide the greatest service possible.

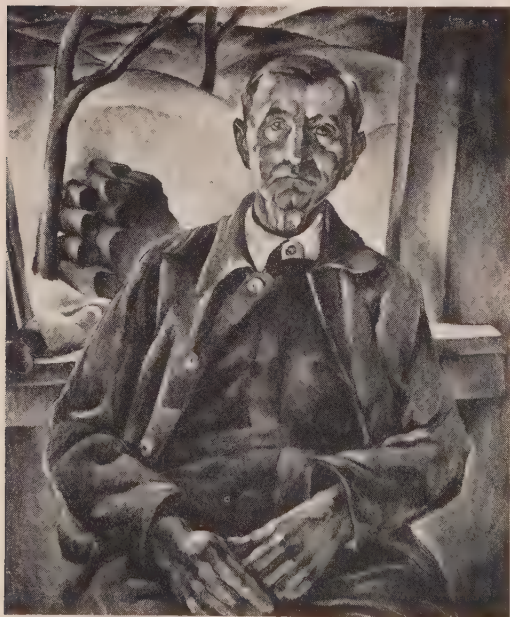
The Museum occupies the fourth floor of the northern War Memorial Building in the Civic Center. It has a separate lobby and elevators, and there are fourteen galleries with additional hanging space in the corridors. Every convenience of modern museum installation has been provided for. No definite plans have yet been made for a permanent collection. After a few years of experiment, under the most flexible operation, the Board of Trustees and Curator will determine in what field the Museum will concentrate its purchases. In the meantime, although there will be no bias in favor of contemporary art, the Museum will have a very decided interest in local and contemporary movements. It will endeavor to set a high standard of quality for loan exhibitions.

Morgan Pictures Sold

Mr. J. P. Morgan, impelled to "simplify the settling of his estate," has recently parted with several very important paintings. They were offered for sale by M. Knoedler and Company, and two were promptly bought by the Metropolitan Museum. The first is a Rubens portrait of Anne of Austria, the second a very important triptych of St. Lawrence Enthroned, surrounded by saints and donors, by Fra Filippo Lippi, dated about 1440. Four other pictures, a Ghirlandaio, two Frans Hals, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Countess of Derby have gone to buyers yet to be announced.

Campagnola for Cleveland

An exceedingly important print, "St. John the Baptist," by Giulio Campagnola, has been acquired by the Cleveland Museum of Art. It is the first Italian print upon which a publisher's name is known to have been engraved,



VIRGINIA TRUE: WOODCHOPPER

This Boulder, Colorado, Painter Won First Painting Prize at the Annual Midwestern Exhibition at the Kansas City Art Institute



FRA FILIPPO LIPPI: ST.
LAWRENCE ENTHRONED
(TRYPTYCH)

Above: Central Panel; Left and
Right: Wings

Purchased by the Metropolitan
Museum from J. P. Morgan
through M. Knoedler & Co.

and it shows the influence of the North Italian painters. The landscape is decidedly Giorgionesque, and the figure unmistakably taken from Mantegna. (Frontispiece of the issue.)

Gifts for Denver (See Cover)

The Denver Art Museum has recently announced the anonymous gift of ten very important paintings, the most generous single gift that has been made to the painting department during its history. The donor does not live in Denver, and the museum staff is quite naturally pleased at this encouragement from the outside. The pictures are: two Corots, a Millet, three Courbets, a Cézanne, a Dubourg, a landscape by W. Merritt Post, and two copies of old masters—a Dürer and a Hals self-portrait. If any of the other pictures are as fine as the Corot seated woman reproduced in the *Rocky Mountain News*, the museum is to be congratulated on a truly important gift. The Corot itself is sufficient cause for congratulation. And particularly because its donor had enough intelligence to give it to Denver, rather than allow it to be submerged among the riches of a more completely endowed museum.

Still Newark Carries On

Few museums have had a more difficult civic problem than that of Newark, New Jersey. Serving a community is a difficult enough job under any circumstances, but it is particularly difficult when your community is constantly shifting off to New York. In spite of the natural disadvantages of its location, the specific financial handicaps of the past few years, and the difficulties of museums in general, Newark has managed to make its museum far more generally useful than most. It all boils down to whether you want to be useful or not. Its activities are wide; it is interested in all manner of things. Following the important Luks Memorial Exhibition, which has stimulated a wave of Luks purchases, the Museum has announced a new venture in coöperation. It is working with the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs to produce a monthly calendar of important art activities all over the state. The first calendar is re-

markable for richness and variety. It will be distributed free to libraries, museums, women's clubs, and other public and semi-public places. It should also go to local clubs affiliated with the American Automobile Association. Information of this sort is invaluable and should be compiled monthly in every state.

Philadelphia Also

Another effort to put our cultural resources to use is being made in Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Society for Promotion of Arts and Sciences, a new organization which as far as I can see is to work with the schools in much the same way that the School Art League does in New York. The Society, however, has exhibition galleries, where it will hang shows designed to acquaint educators with the materials that Philadelphia's museums, libraries, and art institutions have to place at the disposal of the schools. The movement is not to be confined to the city but will extend to nearby small towns and rural areas. Thirteen different school townships have thus far signified their interest and their willingness to coöperate.

American Book Illustration

Late in March, the American Institute of Graphic Arts will hold its Fifth Exhibition of American Book Illustration. The show is a complement to the Fifty Books of the Year exhibitions, in which the chief emphasis is on typography. The Institute hopes to discover new possibilities for both publishers and for artists by including unpublished illustrations as well as illustrated books. Of late many so-called fine artists who prefer food to unswerving production of museum pieces have enriched themselves as well as book publishing by adapting themselves to a new field. The exhibition at the Grand Central Palace Building in New York should be interesting to artists in general.

Frick Art Reference Library

The Frick Art Reference Library in New York completed in January its transfer of material and equipment to the new building at 10 East Seventy-first Street. It is now open to research students as in the past. The Library has over two hundred thousand photo-

RUBENS:
ANNE OF
AUSTRIA

Purchased by the
Metropolitan
Museum from
J. P. Morgan
through M.
Knoedler & Co.



graphs and reproductions of European and American paintings, drawings, sculpture, and illuminated manuscripts, and about forty-five thousand books and pamphlets. The Frick also answers telephone and mail inquiries.

"Art in America" Reaches the Pacific

Radio Programs of the Art in America Series, broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company over Station WJZ and network every Saturday night from October sixth to January twenty-sixth is being rebroadcast on the Pacific coast from Station KPO, San

Francisco. The series began on Friday, February fifteenth and will continue for seventeen weeks from that date. In spite of the fact that interest in the programs had quadrupled since the presentation of the first series last year, the second series were not broadcast west of Denver. It is because of urgent requests from art organizations and museums in the Western states that the second series will be repeated on the Coast. It will be given under the auspices of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the De Young Museum of San Francisco.

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Expressionism in Art

By Sheldon Cheney. New York, 1934. Liveright Publishing Corporation. Price, \$5.00.

A FIRST glance at this book and its array of illustrations affords promises that are not fulfilled in the reading. It is a desultory work, full of truisms, half-truths, and injudicious statements. It is avowedly a reworking of earlier treatments of the subject. But one cannot be sure why, or for whom the book was written. It strikes just the level which would make it seem superficial to the initiated and mystifying to the uninformed. In view of the author's gift for assimilation and synthesis (clearly established in his historical study "The Theatre") it seems unfortunate that he did not gather and present documented information about the art movements of recent decades, while there is still time to accumulate the material at first hand.

In his preface Mr. Cheney rightly observes that the ground has been sufficiently cleared of controversy to allow an assumption of openmindedness or even practiced appreciation on the part of the reader. Nevertheless he seems unable to free himself of the militant spirit of most writers on modern art. Much effort is spent reviling the "shallow, literal, imitative" art of the Victorian period, and indeed even the people of that time, who seem to have been peculiarly tainted with an "excess of animalism, cupidity and will to power that brought the earth to its present disordered state." Such unconsidered criticisms appear throughout the book with platitudinous frequency, almost to the point of overshadowing the author's positive ideas on the subject at hand.

Taking a flying start, the book begins with a passage that seems to be saying: "In the beginning was the Word"—hardly a necessary hypothesis for a thesis on art. Then follow an introductory review, the establishing of definitions, a discussion of form. The main body of the book deals with the principles of "picture-building." This portion is the most satisfactory, analyzing and relating the elements of pictorial design as practiced

by the expressionist painters. But here also the text is marred by a chatty style which seems to cover a lack of thoroughness by a loose phraseology that makes for confusion, and by the insertion of not very significant embroilments in current art criticism. In wearisome footnotes a battle is carried on with the opposing forces, in particular Thomas Craven, who seems to be the arch-enemy. Despairingly one questions why so much attention is given to opinions of the callow Mr. Craven anyway. This section of the book could have been made more effective (1) had the approach been more objective, (2) had there been a more concise statement of the problems of design as conceived by the expressionists, and (3) had there been a more thorough examination of selected illustrative examples, instead of short, scattered remarks about this or that artist or picture.

Mr. Cheney's explanation of abstraction in painting, with frequent use of such terms as "mysticism," "four-dimensional," "cosmic architecture," "celestial movement," is particularly invested with a cavalier disregard of restraint and consistency. It is curious that those very critics who object most strongly to the use of painters' methods in sculpture should, in support of their ideas on abstract painting, resort to pointing out a relationship with the even more distantly related art of music.

The "arts other than painting" are dismissed summarily at the end, so that an undue emphasis is placed on painting, and the opportunity is lost for establishing vividly the essential character of expressionism by the comparative method. However, the outline and divisioning of the subject are on the whole to be commended. Also, it must be noted to the author's credit that he has retained some sense of perspective and of fitness. He does not insist that subject matter must be divorced from painting; and he recognizes the social causes that lay behind the trend toward abstraction. Yet there remains to be mentioned one fundamental criticism applying to the treatment of the subject

as a whole. Expressionism is not considered simply as an artistic movement, but is rather understood as a *kind* of art, irrespective of the school of which it is a product. Hence the limits of the subject become undefined. Expressionism, according to Mr. Cheney, is apparently any art in which he is able to discern "expressive form," or, more plainly and less redundantly stated, any of which he happens to approve.

Such a personal book rather enforces a personal commentary upon it, especially because of the responses it calls up. Many readers aroused to disagree will probably discover themselves taking an unaccustomed reactionary position. Perhaps they will have returned to the receptive state of "open-mindedness" by the time the next book on expressionism makes its appearance.

BERNARD LEMANN

The Autobiography of an Idea

By Louis H. Sullivan. New York, 1934. W. W. Norton & Co. (White Oak Library) by arrangement with the American Institute of Architects. Price, \$2.00.

Kindergarten Chats

By Louis H. Sullivan. New York, 1934. Scarab Architectural Fraternity. Price, \$2.50.

THE great schism in our modern architecture came very late in the nineteenth century; the symbolic event is the World's Fair of 1893; the symbolic figure that of the architect Louis Sullivan. All preceding figures in architectural progress, Richardson, for example, had been conventionally trained and were accepted, for all their innovations, as part of the main eclectic body of architects, and considered themselves in such terms. With Sullivan came the break, and the fact that this secession occurred in Chicago, far from the seat of organized taste and academic discipline, suggests its pioneer character. The solitary withdrawal of one man can hardly be called even the beginning of a revolution; in its early stages perhaps rebellion is a better word. But the documents to be considered in this review are the engines of revolution, sharply critical of the *status quo* and exhorting a yet unorganized body of followers to courageous and original pursuit of the new.

Without analyzing the emotional storm in architectural circles precipitated by Sullivan,

let us examine briefly the opposition he faced. The mantle of Richardson (whose work Sullivan closely followed, *viz.* the Chicago Auditorium) had fallen after his early death in 1886 upon the shoulders of Charles F. McKim, initiator of the Italian Renaissance revival, who presently with Daniel Burnham became the leader of the entire school of classicists. At their backs were the powerful schools of Paris and Rome and the young and imitative architectural colleges of America, the journals of art and architecture, the prestige of academic circles everywhere, and of great patrons whose taste was unquestioned by contemporary minds. In an age of leaders and led, McKim's position in architecture was hardly less pontifical than that of John La Farge in art. In the sixteen years following the fair of 1893 the notion of important architecture as free and eclectic was completely abandoned. To Sullivan's passionate and original mind the outlook must have been dark and foreboding: the enemy controlled the organs of propaganda, of training, and of patronage. Sullivan's lasting importance is that in this milieu he was great enough to create alone a possible alternative.

Although Sullivan was a pure romanticist, more so than has been consciously realized, he possessed a clear and intellectually articulate conviction of the necessary role of the architect in his world. And he shunned the fatal error of the typical romanticist, the solitary and futile indwelling which defeated accomplishment and continuity. Impelled by his convictions and faced with a world increasingly regimented into the classic garments of the White City, Sullivan defended his program in the only possible way: he attacked. His plan of campaign was divided into three parts: the attack upon the aesthetic assumptions of the classicists and of their barren result, the publication of broadsides directed at a future generation of architects, and the use of his own office as a school to train architects for the future. The progress of modern architecture in the past generation has, on the whole, followed these general lines, not only in this country but abroad where similar developments were transpiring. And it is hardly strange, for is this not the

type pattern of artistic revolution everywhere?

The hostile and devastating criticism of academic classicism of the last generation has taken its ideas and its idiom pretty largely from Sullivan's *rationale*, as a reading of C. K. Bauer, Claude Bragdon, Sheldon Cheney, Philip Johnson, Douglas Haskell, Henry Russell Hitchcock, Lewis Mumford, Charles Harris Whitaker, Frank Lloyd Wright, and others makes clear. The complementary expression of new and positive aesthetic principles has likewise leaned heavily upon Sullivan, not only in such well known phrases as "Form follows function," and the organic concept of architecture, but in countless lesser ways as well. If Rudolph Schneider could say ironically that modern architecture is a series of slogans, it was not a little due to the initial impetus supplied by Sullivan. The almost moral obligation to use his office as a training center for young architects in the new style adopted by Sullivan has been followed by his successors, notably Frank Lloyd Wright; from such ateliers have been recruited a large number of modern architects practicing today. With the exception of architects trained in the offices of modern European architects, particularly Le Corbusier, and during the brief career of the Bauhaus, I think of few American architects designing modern buildings who were not trained by Sullivan or his followers. In the absence of schools, this perpetuation of the old apprentice system gave a solidarity and continuity to modern architecture it badly needed, curbing and disciplining in the early stages a young individualism that was prone to dissipate itself in futile experiments and exposed to the discouragements of early defeat.

Disregarding Sullivan's architecture until the forthcoming publication of Mr. Hugh Morrison's definitive study enables a complete survey, and regarding him solely in terms of his influence upon other architects and their work, let us proceed to an examination of his writings. In the *Autobiography of an Idea*, originally published by the American Institute of Architects in 1924, and now reprinted in Norton's cheap and admirable White Oak Library, we have a mellow Sullivan in remin-

iscent mood. Broken, defeated, living alone in a cheap Chicago hotel near the end of his life, he should have been bitter. But the *Autobiography* stops with the year 1893, and at that time the great struggle had only begun. It is almost wholly concerned with the forces that shaped his career; his rich boyhood experiences in a New England home, his education in America and Paris, and his meteoric rise as designing partner of the firm of Adler and Sullivan in the building boom between the Chicago fire and the depression beginning in 1893. *The Autobiography of an Idea* is one of the great American autobiographies, and when our peculiar talent for self-revelation is recalled, this is high praise indeed. That it does not progress far beyond the broadly formative years is a literary virtue. It is a consummate portrait of the artist, and a pensive tale of the growth of a philosophy out of thought and experience.

By the time that the *Autobiography* concludes, two great architects had been trained in Sullivan's office, Frank Lloyd Wright and Irving J. Gill; a third, George G. Elmslie was soon to go forth. To this later period belong the *Kindergarten Chats* now collected for the first time under the appropriate editorship of Mr. Claude Bragdon. From these hortatory essays written for young architects (surreptitiously and eagerly read) we again get some idea of the direct impact of Sullivan's idea—a rule so broad as to permit of no exception—upon his pupils. In a sense, if Sullivan had a school, here is its curriculum. While it is true, as Mr. Wright justly points out in his own excellent *Autobiography*, that Sullivan never clearly recognized the importance of the machine as such, he did nevertheless realize the implications for design of the steel frame and the masses of new fabricated building materials that were beginning to pour from the machine. He explored the form of the skyscraper and established its aesthetic requirements and limitations. He began the early liquidation of the classic plan that Wright completed. Known and hailed as a strong and original creator of architectural ornament, he applied it to his buildings in defiance of his own *dicta*. But most of all, at a critical

(Continued on page 188)

1885



1935

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

IN 1885, fifty years ago, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was formed.

There were few telephones then and service was slow, uncertain and limited to separate communities. In that year the largest number of telephones in any one city was 8400, in New York.

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THAN ANY OTHER
MAGAZINE
IN ITS FIELD?**

The Innocent Bystander

(Continued from page 174)

Union Square is ever so much more active than the spirit of the American Academy at Rome. That institution once had the political reins of wall painting in America so firmly in its grasp that our architects were constantly confusing our mural painters with members of the State department. They had very much the same manners at afternoon teas.

I believe the architects, before they finish with the present rising army of mural painters, are going to have some awful shocks and find that a number of the new artists have not quite the same faith in the *Social Register* that, in recent decades, all good architects have been forced to have. What is going to come out of it all is not, I am happy to say, for me to decide. Fortunately, something better than has been must come out of it because, speaking roughly, nothing worse than the general run of our official decoration was ever created. We are obviously in the throes of beating out a social expression. I should think that we might get on faster and discover a truer line if we imitated Mexico less and sought our own solutions more. And if we replace the soft soap uplift of yesterday with a yearning fervor that looks at everyday life through astigmatic eyes, I wonder how long it will be before we graduate from mural comic-stripping into something which, to be right, requires a wall for its support.

JOHN KANE

Some years ago Mr. Andrew Dasburgh was serving on the jury of the Carnegie International Exhibition when the work of a local house-painter named John Kane appeared before the jury. Mr. Dasburgh, having a more sophisticated eye than the average juryman, took kindly to Mr. Kane's work. It was the period when M. Henri Rousseau was at the height of his popularity and when our too experienced world was indulging in a peculiarly strong nostalgia for the innocent, the naïve and the primitive. Before Mr. Dasburgh had left Pittsburgh he had not only won a jury acceptance for Mr. Kane. He had bought one of Mr. Kane's canvases and

convinced Mr. Edward Duff Balkan that he should go and do likewise.

The critics, who notoriously have a passion for the innocent, fairly embraced Mr. John Kane, the house-painter, and from that day to this have grasped every opportunity to sing his praises and pat him on the back. But Mr. Kane was far too sturdy a Scotchman to become puffed up, and far too absorbed in his delights in painting. I had some correspondence with him before he was famous and judging by his writing and his spelling it is my opinion that Mr. Kane was not addicted to reading. He liked to look at Pittsburgh, and saw it with a simplicity and an affection that antedates the present vogue for forced provincialism. With Kane the process was genuine. He did not seek the fame that has come to him. His was a work of love. That is the main reason why we enjoy it today.

The present exhibition at the Valentine Gallery is certainly the best exhibition of his work that has been held. However much his painting may now be boosted it will not affect John Kane, because he did not live to realize what a really big boosting he was going to have. In a few years the price of his pictures has gone up exactly 3600 per cent. Of such is the kingdom of names.

BIGNOU TO OPEN NEW YORK GALLERY

An announcement which will vitally interest artists, collectors, and gallery visitors in general, is that of the opening of the Bignou Gallery, at 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, on March fourth. M. Bignou is known to Americans through the distinguished exhibitions which he arranged at the Knoedler Galleries on several occasions. Both he and his associates are internationally known in their chosen fields of activity.

For his first exhibition—the private view is March second, the public view beginning March fourth—M. Bignou has assembled a group of very unusual items. Of the eight paintings, only one has been seen in America before, an early Corot which was shown in the Modern Museum. The remaining seven pictures are by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir, Van Gogh and Seurat. Those who have seen the large Renoir, have unanimously declared it to

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New Books on Art

(Continued from page 184)

moment, he demonstrated to all who examined his buildings or read his words that great architecture was possible without fake columns, phony limestone façades, domes, ornamental staircases, and the baggage of Vitruvian, and Palladian abracadabra that every proper architect of the time carried about with him; to some it seemed a complete proof. And to them, the followers of Louis Sullivan's idea, it is that we owe what modern architecture America possesses today.

F. A. GUTHEIM

Reflections on British Painting

Art History as an Academic Study

By Roger Fry. New York, The Macmillan Company, Publishers. Prices, \$2.50 and \$.75 respectively.

TWO books by Roger Fry, published in England before his death last fall, have appeared here within the past few months. They serve to confirm the preeminence of Fry

as one of the few art critics, worthy of the name, to write in English.

Their appearance in this country reminds us, too, that he was at home in America as well as his native Britain, and that his readers are almost as numerous on this side as on that. He was European Advisor to the Metropolitan Museum in 1907 and 1908 when the elder Morgan was its President. It was at about this time that the management of the Museum began to take the course which has brought the collections to their present fullness. Through his American connections Fry did another service for art when he saved the moribund *Burlington Magazine* from dissolution. His contacts made it possible for him to approach certain of our millionaires, including Mr. Morgan, Mr. John G. Johnson, and Mr. Henry Walters, for additional capital to secure the magazine against disaster. As Mr. Herbert Read, present editor of the *Burlington*, acknowledges, Fry was "the man who in the past did most to establish it and mould its character."

To recall the rescue of the *Burlington* is to tread on the hurt toes of other publishers of art magazines who didn't fare so well. American money in sufficient sums was not made available to save American mouthpieces of the arts which, in their different ways, certainly deserved to survive. But this should not detract from Fry's efforts in behalf of the *Burlington*. Fry himself would be the first to condemn the over-heated nationalism which is just now taking a strangle-hold on the world of art. "However valuable," he wrote in his *Reflections on British Painting*, "patriotism may be in certain fields of human activity, there are others from which it should be rigorously excluded. And assuredly one of these is art-history and the critical appreciation of works of art. . . . Patriotic feeling, when it affects the art-historian, shows itself at once futile and ridiculous."

British himself, Fry put that principle into practice by pulling many a hair from the mane of the British lion. He was among the first to prick the bubble of the eighteenth-century portraitists. He points out in *Reflections on British Painting* that the precepts pro-

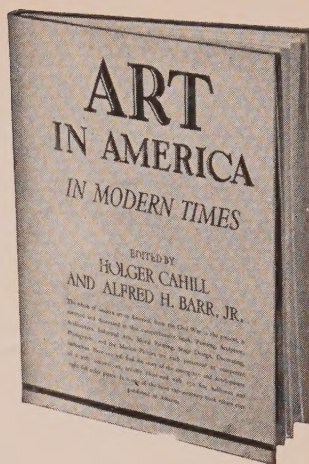
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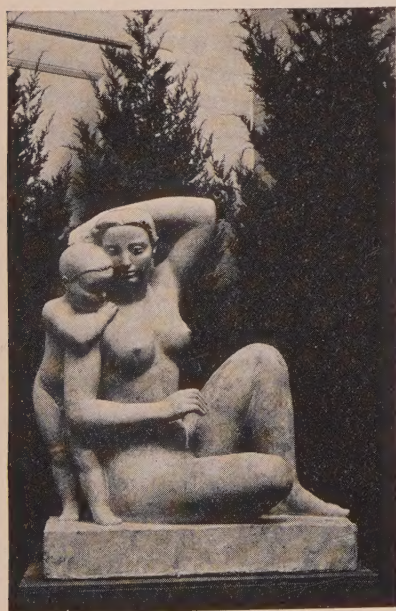
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(Continued from page 188)

pounded by Sir Joshua Reynolds were out of proportion to his actual performance. Gainsborough's genius he finds in the early landscapes rather than his later, much more expensive, portraits of important people. In praising Constable, he reveals the inherent weaknesses of the Pre-Raphaelites, suggesting that they would have profited had they followed him, instead of an historical misconception. If anything, he is a little too hard on the much-beleaguered P.-R. B. But his remarks on their short-comings are essential to the rounding out of the general theme of the *Reflections*, which is that Englishmen failed to comprehend the plasticity of Italian painting, and that the plastic quality in English art came by way of the Lowlands; in short, that Englishmen were blinded by romantic implications and missed the point of Italian painting entirely.

There is in this small volume a deliberate simplicity and honesty which must appeal to the same qualities in the reader. The same eschewal of false sophistication marks the pamphlet *Art-History as an Academic Study* which is, in printed form, Fry's inaugural lecture as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge University. To many continental critics and to a number of the young "initiated" on this side, this little paper-backed book will look very elementary. Let them remember that the visual arts, without benefit of literary sanction, have not been long respected in British academic circles. There, possibly even more than here, the non-literary and non-classical approach is new and needs repeated clear statements. None of us, I suspect, has climbed so high that he can look down on such a lucid presentation as being rudimentary. Certainly it will prove a wholesome and not at all aggressive antidote for the nationalistic twaddle so ultra-chic just now.

F. A. W., JR.

New York Exhibitions—March (Listed through the cooperation of the "New York Art Calendar")

American Contemporary Art Gallery, 52 W. 8th St. Paintings by Samuel Brecher.
An American Place, 509 Madison Ave. Paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe to Mar. 21.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave. Paintings, sculpture, pottery; under auspices of Garden Club of America, flower paintings from members' collections, Mar. 12 to 26.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57th St. Drawings, Mar. 4 to 16; Landscapes by Fern Cunningham, Dolls and Animals designed by Beatrice Alexander and paintings of dolls, Mar. 18 to 30.

Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Flower paintings, Mar. 12 to 23; Members Group, Mar. 26 to Apr. 6.

Carlyle Gallery, 250 E. 57th St. Drawings by Albertine Randall Wheelan.

Leonard Clayton Gallery, 106 E. 57th St. Drawings and paintings by Victor Depauw.

Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54th St. Oils and water colors by Tekla Hoffman and water colors by Mary Drake Coles, to Mar. 9; Contemporary Arts Mid-Season Group Exhibition and Etchings by students of Marcoussis, Mar. 11 to 23; Paintings by Dorothy Kreymborg, Mar. 25 to Apr. 13.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13th St. Recent work by Nicolai Cikovsky, to Mar. 9.

Ehrich-Newhouse Galleries, 578 Madison Ave. Paintings by John Barber and by Mary Buckner Royall, Mar. 11 to 23.

Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8th St. Paintings by Harold Weston, Mar. 11 to 30.

Eighth Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8th St. Paintings by Virginia Snedeker, to Mar. 14; Paintings by James J. Penny, Mar. 14 to 28.

Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57th St. Annual Black & White Exhibition to Mar. 9; Paintings by Morgan Padelford, Mar. 11 to 23; Paintings by Alice Judson, Mar. 25 to Apr. 6.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Etchings by Franklin T. Wood, monotypes by Seth Hoffman and work by D. Putnam Brinley, Mar. 5 to 16. Fifth Ave. Branch: Recent Paintings by Frank Tenny Johnson, Mar. 11 to 23; Mr. and Mrs. H. Dudley Murphy, Mar. 25 to Apr. 6.

Jamaica Jewish Center, 150-91 87rd., Jamaica, L. I. Fourth Annual Art Exhibit of Queens County Artists, through Mar. 11.

Kennedy & Co., 785 Fifth Ave. Etchings and drawings by John Taylor Arms.

Kleemann Galleries, 38 E. 57th St. Paintings by Charlo Malsbary, to Mar. 15; Paintings by Alice Sloan Anderson, Mar. 15 to 30.

Knoedler Galleries, 14 E. 57th St. XV and XVI Century Engravings, Woodcuts and Etchings, to Mar. 16.

Theodore A. Kohn & Son, 608 Fifth Ave. "The Shape of Things to Wear"—forty-five years of changing styles, opens Mar. 4.

Kraushaar Gallery, 680 Fifth Ave. Etchings by Mahonri Young, Mar. 12 to 30.

Julien Levy Gallery, 602 Madison Ave. Paintings and Drawings by Eugene Berman.

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Pierre Matisse Gallery, 51 E. 57th St. Paintings by André Masson, Mar. 4 to 30.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. & 82nd St. Bryson Burroughs Memorial Exhibition, Gals. K 37-40, Mar. 26 to May 5; No Robes and Buddhist Vestments, Gal. D6, to Apr. 14; Prints chosen by George Washington for Mount Vernon, to Apr. 14.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St. Paintings by Stephen Etnier, Mar. 4 to 23.

Montross Galleries, 785 Fifth Ave. Paintings by Katherine Langhorne Adams, to Mar. 16; Paintings by Vine Stoddard, Mar. 18 to 30.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57th St. Paintings, pastels and drawings by Everett Shinn, to Mar. 9; Paintings by Gregory Ivy and Marion Humfeld, Mar. 11 to 23.

Museum of the City of N. Y., Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. Closed Tues. "New York is Like

This," water colors, drawings, lithographs by J. W. Golinkin.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. African Art, Mar. 20 to May 19.
National Academy of Design, 215 W. 57th St. 110th Annual Exhibition, Mar. 13 to Apr. 9.
National Arts Club, 119 E. 19th St. Exhibition by the Junior Artist Members, Mar. 6 to 29.
N. Y. Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. A Centenary Exhibition—J. A. M. Whistler, Rooms 321 and 316.
Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 49th St. Prize winning prints of New York high school students.
F. K. M. Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave. Paintings by Arnold Blanch, to Mar. 9; Paintings by Georgina Klitgaard, Mar. 11 to 30.
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave. Annual Oil Exhibition, Mar. 8 to 29.
Society of American Illustrators, 334½ W. 24th St. Closed Sun. and Mon. Work by Denys Wortman.

Squibb Art Galleries, 745 Fifth Ave. National Alliance of Art & Industry Members' show, Mar. 9 to 23; Mexican Show under auspices of College Art Association, Mar. 25 to Apr. 9.
Staten Island Institute of Arts & Sciences, St. George. Photographs.
Marie Sterner Gallery, 9 E. 57th St. Drawings by American and Foreign Artists.
Ten Dollar Gallery, 152 E. 35th St. Water colors by Clara Hausner, to Mar. 15; Lithographs by Adolf Dehn and water colors by group, Mar. 15 to 31.
Valentine Gallery, 69 E. 57th St. Paintings by Raphael Soyer, to Mar. 7; Paintings by Milton Avery, Mar. 9 to 26.
Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington Ave. Paintings by Emil Ganso, to Mar. 16; Paintings by M. Keinz, Mar. 18 to Apr. 6.
Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8th St. Closed Mon. Abstract Painting in America, to Mar. 22.

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